

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

THE clear, fine, spangled dusk speedily followed the setting of the sun. The night lay dark upon the sea before we had finished the meal to which we had sat down when the hot crimson light was still flushing the heavens. The discordant cry of the parrot ceased, with the multitudinous buzzing that had been going on all day; the melancholy wailing whistlings that had been answering one another down to sunset were hushed as if by magic as the last of the brief twilight glimmered off the sky. It was now the cricket's opportunity, and from every part of the island there rose up a very storm of bell-like chirruping, mingled with the sultry horns of the sailing beetles, odd whistlings and strange groanings coming from heaven knows where, along with the confused croaking of reptiles, and the wild, snoring call of the tree-toad. The fire-flies broke the darkness in small hovering constellations, little galaxies of yellow-greenish points of light that seemed to combine with the dust of the stars beyond them. The sea-breeze blew languidly, cool with dew and fragrant from the moist vegetation it breathed over as it floated down to our part of the island from the south and east. The wash of the light and lipping surf was as soft as the voice of a child; the sea

spread out black as ink from the ivory of the beach, touched at wide intervals with the gleam of phosphorus or the silver tremulous wake dropped by some particular bright star. The moon would be rising soon, and we waited for her coming; for the dusk, clear as it was, rendered movement uninviting and even menacing. It was impossible to tell what creeping thing might squirm to the tread in the darkness that blackened nearly everything but the sand. We had not, it is true, observed the least hint of snakes about throughout the day, but if any there were the night might tempt them forth to walk. The puff-adder loves to stalk in gloom, and the rattlesnake's delight is the forest-shadow. That we might not give anything poisonous a chance, we planted our camp-stools in the centre of the broad tract of sand that flowed fan-shaped to the creek betwixt the herbage, where in the starlight it glanced out clear as a ship's deck, so that anything that stirred upon it we should instantly perceive.

Happily for me I had a good store of cheroots in my portmanteau. The fragrance of the tobacco seemed to civilize the island.

"Even with a companion by one's side," said Miss Grant, speaking softly, "the loneliness, now that the dark has come, of such an ocean spot as this terribly oppresses the spirit. But to be alone—without hope of escape,

without the means perhaps of prolonging life beyond a little while—oh, Mr. Musgrave, there are some forms of human suffering of which the world can never know anything!”

“I should go mad if I were left alone in a place like this, after a bit,” said I; “imagination would prove too much for me. Even when all’s well I find myself ill-trimmed in that way. But to be alone here, without a chance, as you say, of escaping—I protest I would not give myself long to witness shapes as wild as ever the sailors of Columbus dreamt of, stalking out of the blackness of that grove yonder; to behold grotesque forms sliding out of the gloom of the sea into the gleam of the surf to have a look at me; to hear airy voices syllabing my name—well, fancy does make horrid fools of us certainly!”

It might have been the cold dew in the dark sea-breeze that blew with a little moan past us just then that sent a chill through me, but I must own to being possessed by a wild fit of dejection at that moment. It did not linger; it was like one of those giddinesses which come and go, but which, whilst on you, make you grip anything for support with your eyes shut. Doubtless it came to me out of the boundless surface of liquid blackness broadening out to the low stars. I could not see how we were to get away from this island, and the briefest mental look ahead shrunk up one’s very soul to the prospect of days passing into weeks, weeks into months, with God knows what in the far end for some newly-arrived people then to stumble upon as a memorial of nameless human suffering.

Presently the moon rose, with an icy sparkling upon the sea-line just under her, as though the edge of the ocean there were a long single breaker arching over into foam. Her mounting light soon grew so brilliantly clear that I could witness every varying expression in my companion’s face as plainly as if a shining dawn had broken; only that her beauty now took a spiritu-

ality which her charms were perhaps the richer for not discovering by sunlight. When the time arrived for me to press her to seek rest, I found her reluctant. And small wonder! It was not that the hammock was uninviting. Indeed, nothing fitter could have been devised for the languid, dewy warmth of such a tropical night of pale golden splendour as this, than the airy couch that spanned the black pillars of the two silent trees. One thought of what was up *above*!—some scaly betailed thing, creeping down the dry bark with a clawing of its armoured feet like the pattering of a land-crab upon an uncarpeted floor, to awaken one by a cold pressure upon one’s brow—pah! The tropics are a glorious region to read about, to be sure; but give me an English summer evening dying out—with the lowing of a cow or two, the chiming of a distant church-bell, a drowsy chirrup stealing from the shadow of some sweet-blossomed orchard—into the delicious repose of night, unbroken by a note louder than the dim *cheep* of the grasshopper, or the faint midnight crow of an uneasy cock. Why here, now, as we sat, if we paused in our speech for a moment, the ear carried even engrossing thought away to the rickety chorusing of the million crickets; winged things as prickly as a cork stuck over with needle-points would sail into one’s cheek with a *hum* that was like a little trumpet-blast in its way, so near and sudden was the sound of it, while the snore of the tree-toad awakened an echo as of an innumerable croaking of frogs; and if ever this sultry and unwholesome concert sank a little, it was only, as it seemed to me, to give one a chance of catching more distinctly the thin, red-hot-wire-like singing of a mosquito at one’s ear.

Finding Miss Grant reluctant to go to her hammock, I proposed a little stroll along the glittering beach, and for over an hour, I think, did we measure to and fro some quarter of a mile of the sparkling shore, pausing often

to watch the curl of the little breaker arching black against the moon an instant ere seething into foam, or to direct a searching eye seawards for any inky spot upon the tremulous stream of brilliance, or any pallid shadow in the deep blue obscure on either hand of the showering moonlight, or to listen to some few brief, flute-like notes breaking from the inshore forest, or to mark a meteor of magnificence hurling westwards comet-like, and leaving a white, steam-coloured scar upon the sky long after it had burst into spangles and vanished.

At last she consented to "turn in." I dragged a trunk to the hammock to enable her to step to her swinging bed, and when her head was pillowed I made her snug with a shawl, and then enveloped her, in the floating gauze of the mosquito-net, through which I could see her dark eyes watching me. The spreading branches of the trees screened her from the moon, but here and there a ray fell through, and one white beam rested upon the hammock. I doubt if any dream that ever sweetened man's rest was more enchanting than the vision of this girl's face under the moonlit, gauze-like transparency. Though no vision indeed, yet it affected me as with the unreality of one. I could see a smile in her eyes as I raised my hat with a little bow, and wished her good-night. One must go to sea for such experiences as this. Name me such a conjuncture ashore as could produce it. When I stole a peep at her again, the moonbeam had slipped off her, and the hammock was in gloom.

"I hope nothing will tease you on the sand," I heard her say.

"I hope not," I answered, looking at the branches overhead to make sure that the coast was clear up there.

I had now to make my own bed. The boxes were of unequal height, or I should have stowed them together into a couch. I stretched out a rug to lie upon, brought a small carpet-bag to the head of it to serve as a pillow, drew a mosquito-curtain over me, and

lay down, pistols in pocket within ready grasp, and covered myself with such another rug as I rested on. The dry sand yielded with a sort of spring in it, and I found it a very tolerable mattress. I lay extremely uneasy in my mind for some time, constantly imagining that something was stirring on one side or the other of me; but I was more wearied than I was sensible of, and presently felt a pleasing sense of drowsiness stealing over me. There was something now almost soothing to the ear in the myriad chirpings of the crickets, and in the subdued soft creaming of the surf. Just over my face hovered a swarm of fire-flies, and I watched them sleepily. The night wind sighing through the trees filled the air with a fountain-like murmuring of rustling leaves.

I was nearly asleep when I started, instantly broad awake, to hear the chimes of a bell rung swiftly! I listened breathlessly for an instant, believing the notes to be an illusion of my senses, but it was impossible to mistake. No village church belfry on a Sunday morning ever echoed a clearer summons to the faithful. The ringing suggested the sort of agitation you notice in the quick, eager pealing of a steamer's bell rung as a final warning to passengers to step ashore. It continued without cessation. I sat up, then clearing myself of the mosquito-net, leapt to my feet. I saw Miss Grant sitting erect in her hammock.

"Oh, Mr. Musgrave, what is that?" she cried.

"It will be some vessel," I exclaimed, "close aboard the island; perhaps ashore."

"No; it comes from those trees yonder," pointing to the little forest.

She threw the net like a veil off her head, sprang from the hammock to the box, and thence to the ground. "Oh!" she exclaimed, seizing my arm, "what *can* it be?"

The bell was no longer ringing rapidly; a sexton might now be tolling it. The slow, punctually-recurring

chimes came along like a knell; they then ceased, and all was still. I paused a little to make sure if possible of the direction whence the sounds proceeded. On a sudden the ringing started off afresh—such a reckless, rushing, clattering of noise that my conviction was there was a madman at large upon the island, and that this was his way of killing the midnight hours! The whole place seemed distracted by the clamour. Queer grunts rose out of the grass, hard snoring noises out of the trees, with a universal groaning of frogs far and near, the hoarse inquiring cries of parrots, whilst you caught a shriller edge in the minstrelsy of the crickets. The violent ringing of a bell in the dark hours of the night, even when one is as secure as a safe lodging and all the contrivances of civilization can make one, is, to say the least, an alarming disturbance. But to hear such a sound in this lonesome island, apparently amongst the trees yonder where they rose blackest against the moon, when it seemed as sure as sure could be that there was no living human being within God knows what distance of us, was such a trial to the nerves that I own to having hung in the wind for a space, amazed almost to a condition of semi-stupefaction.

The tumultuous harum-scarum ringing came to an end, and was succeeded by a melancholy tolling, as though there were a funeral somewhere under way. Bidding Miss Grant stop where she was a minute, I ran swiftly—I was a very nimble runner—to the head of the creek, whence in a few moments I had gained the beach on the north side of the island, a part that would have been hidden to us on the hummock by the forest. The pale golden light of the moon flooded heaven and ocean, and objects could not have been more visible at noontide. There was no sign of a ship hereabouts. The sea ranged with a bare breast to the sky; nothing stirred along the platform of sand that went twisting out of sight in a pearl-like haziness round the bend of the island veering

westwards. All this time the bell was tolling, and now I could not doubt that it was being rung in some part of the island, for as at the creek, so here the chimes appeared to float directly from the black shadow of the central grove. I returned to Miss Grant, by which time the sound of the bell had ceased.

"It is no ship," said I, "be it what else it may."

"It is a real bell, though," she exclaimed.

"Ay, real indeed," said I, "too real for superstition to find a footing on it, though it is a chilly sort of thing to happen at this hour amid this wild loneliness. It needed to have been but a little less real to have thickened the blood with fancies of an enchanted island."

We waited, expecting to hear it again, but the ringer had apparently exhausted his merry-making fit for the time being, and all remained silent, saving the chirp of the crickets and the wash of the surf.

Had I seen some figure stalking towards us out of the wood, I don't think, armed as I was, and free from all superstitious stirrings, that I should have been wanting in courage; but I confess I hesitated when it came into my head to penetrate the deep ebon shadow of the forest and search for the ringer and his bell. In the wide glittering open, with the moon riding high overhead, a man rendered desperate by such a condition as mine might find heart enough for any sort of search or encounter; but the wood was as black as the bottom of a well. Here and there one could just catch sight of a faint oozing of moonshine into the dark blot which the trees made upon the land and against the sky; but it was easy to guess that one's entrance into that heavy obscurity must signify a groping rather than a peering bout. Who or what might be there, who could say?

"No," said I; "I'll not venture it."

"Venture what?" asked Miss Grant.



"Why," said I, "I had a mind just now to explore for that bell."

"You would be mad to do such a thing," she exclaimed, with energy; "indeed, I should not permit it;" and she grasped my arm. "There must be a man in that wood," she continued, lowering her voice. "There must be human agency to set that bell going. Perhaps after all the island is inhabited, and there may be a nest of savages in that forest, who hid themselves on seeing us, and now dream of scaring us away by ringing a bell. Oh, I wish we *could* be scared away!" she continued, as with a shiver she glanced over her shoulder seawards.

I shook my head. "No," said I, "I'll swear there are no Indians hereabouts. Had they existence, we were bound to have met with some signs of them; a canoe—a wigwam, or whatever else their dwelling-place may be called—remains of fires—relics of feasting. I should like to have a good look round from the hummock. Will you stay here? I sha'n't be gone long."

"Certainly not. I would not be alone for—" she broke off, whilst she stepped to where her hat lay and put it on, and I saw the glint of her pistol-barrel in her hand. "It is wicked to feel nervous," she exclaimed, "but what could be so unnatural as the sound of a bell here?—and then not to be able to imagine what dreadful creatures may be hidden amongst those trees."

We walked to the hummock, thinking much more of the sound of the bell and of the hidden being that had swung it than of the noisome or venomous objects we might by chance tread upon, and, having gained the elevation, sent many a look round the sea and into the heart of the little island; but all this side of the ocean was as bare as the northern quarter, whilst not the faintest movement of dark substance or of black shadow could we see, scrutinizingly as we gazed, on any part of the land. The night breeze had died away; there

was scarce movement enough of air to breathe cool upon the moistened finger. South and east the ocean stretched, motionless as a surface of polished black wood, and the languid seething of the near surf was so delicate that it stole into the air like the moan of far-distant breakers. We lingered ten minutes, then returned.

It took me some time to persuade Miss Grant to enter her hammock afresh. I told her that I would keep watch; that there was really no more reason to be afraid now than there had been before we heard the bell; that if it had been rung with the idea of scaring us, it was plain that, whatever might be our alarm, we also were held in fear; that if there were Indians in hiding, treacherously disposed, they were not very likely to arouse us from the sleep in which they could have stolen upon and murdered or otherwise dealt with us as it pleased them.

"It is a puzzle," said I, "that we must wait for the daylight to resolve. Meanwhile rest is necessary to you, and you must please lie down. Trust to my vigilance, and sleep without misgiving."

Eventually she complied. I made her comfortable as before, carefully enveloped her hammock with the mosquito-net, then with a look at my pistols to see that all was right with them, I lighted a cheroot, swigged off a dram of brandy, and fell to pacing the stretch of sand, sentinel-fashion, close to the hammock, and keeping a bright look-out on the trees beyond, believe me.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A PIRATICAL LAIR.

THE time slipped wearily and heavily away. The march of the moon was so slow that it was enough to make one think sometimes she had come to a stand. I paced the breadth of white sand till I was weary, then sat down, nodded, perhaps dozed, sprang to my feet again with a keen look towards the density of trees, which, as the moon floated westwards, stole out

black and yet blacker, till the whole block of them was like a great staining of ink upon the liquid silver atmosphere behind, and resumed my pacing. It was as if the night were bewitched, so hushed it was. I never witnessed a movement anywhere save the black shapes of turtle crawling up the sand by the creek-side, or on to the beach facing the east. At last having seated myself to rest after a considerable spell of walking, I fell asleep, and so lay till I was awakened by the rising of the sun, and opened my eyes upon his blinding stream pouring aslant from three or four degrees above the horizon.

I stepped to the hammock; Miss Grant still slept, but so sweet and fair did she look that I could not break away from watching her. My fixed gaze aroused her; she opened her eyes suddenly, and I backed a step, confused, and perhaps feeling a little mean at being detected. However, she awoke with too much wondering at her own situation and the strangeness of her surroundings to imagine my inquisitiveness, or to note the admiration which I doubt not would have been perceptible in me by her clearer vision. She threw the mosquito-curtain off her, and sat erect, exclaiming, "Thank God, it is daylight!" and looking in a restless way around her, with her hands clasped, her cheek with the hectic of slumber still on it, her beauty rich with the disorder of her hair, and the light in her eyes of transient bewildered thought.

However, she had slept for three or four hours, and was the stronger and fresher for it. For my part, I felt so jaded and stale that every instinct in me clamoured for a plunge, so I trudged away past the head of the creek to the north shore, and spent ten delicious minutes amid the surf there, venturing however no further than waist-high; for whilst undressing I had spied seawards, within musket-shot, a motionless black object, with a lean of it that made me fancy at first it was an empty bottle, but which, when it flashed

out on a sudden with a wet gleam, I very promptly accepted as the dorsal fin of a shark.

I returned to Miss Grant feeling years younger, and found her dressing her hair before an ivory hand-glass, which she had hung against the trunk of a tree. Well, thought I, marooning brings about strange intimacies! Perhaps it might be married people only that a scrupulous mutineering crew would think proper to set ashore. But it was no time for fastidious feelings of any sort outside the dictation of plain good sense, realizing accurately the conditions of the situation and admitting no other government than wholesome honest instinct. I was for turning away, with the idea of searching for the eggs the turtles might have laid in the night, but she continued placidly brushing the long lengths of her glowing hair, with a smile on her face as she looked at me out of the mirror; so I walked straight on, and set about overhauling our provisions with the idea of preparing a little breakfast for ourselves. I had taken a view of the sea from the north side, and now I searched the horizon on this, but no sail broke the shining line. At a rough guess I reckoned that the remainder of our private stores, which had been set ashore with us by the men, might with great care be made to carry us through another fortnight, helped by such food as we should find on the island. Indeed, this question of provisions did not very greatly worry me, for there was not only promise of a bountiful supply in one direction in the shape of turtle, but there were cocoa nuts, also oranges in plenty, green or ripe, on the north-west side of the little forest, as I had perceived whilst I sat drying myself after coming out of the sea. We could count, too, on a good store of crawfish, which fortunately I knew how to catch. There were iguanas besides, delicate to the palate as spring chicken if properly dressed, though loathsome in their lizard form to the eye. No! the fear of starving did not visit me;

but mainly I believe because the mind resolutely shrank from the contemplation of the possibility of our imprisonment lasting long enough to render famine imaginable. The consuming thought was how, if no ship should approach the place, were we to escape? This consideration engrossed me even whilst my mind seemed busy in reckoning up the stock of provisions, and again and again I would find myself pausing in that work, with a dull sense of hopelessness that was a sort of distraction in its way, whilst I looked round the island wondering if it was in human ingenuity to manufacture out of it any sort of floating fabric to which we might commit ourselves without the certainty of perishing by drowning.

Miss Grant was full of the subject of the bell. She could talk of nothing else; and while we sat at our little repast of preserved meat and sweet biscuit, she was incessantly directing looks towards the wood.

"There may be people there," she said, "watching us all the time. I thought I saw something move when you had left me just now. We *must* find out to-day if this island is inhabited. The approach of the night will be intolerable if we are to expect that bell to ring again without knowing where it is, or what produces the sound."

"I shall explore those trees shortly," said I; "let me have your pistol. With mine it will give me three shots without obliging me to reload."

She drew it from her belt where it had lain all night with her. I thought I would try its quality, and taking aim at a leaf that stood in clear green outline against the sky, I pulled the trigger, and the leaf fluttered slowly to the ground. The sharp *ping* of the pistol was followed by many hoarse cries of paroquets, and a large bird broke like a shape of burnished gold out of a dense cover of leaves in the heart of the tree at which I had fired, and sailed away towards the forest, waking many hideous echoes with its discordant notes.

"An excellent little weapon indeed," said I, going to my portmanteau for a powder-flask, and reloading the pistol. "Pity it is not old Broadwater's blunderbuss though. The blast of that bell-mouthed engine would be the sort of hint one would like to give if there be ears yonder to receive such messages."

"I will accompany you," said she; "it is inaction and expectation that keep me frightened."

"Lord preserve you," said I, "look at that growth of grass! You would need to be dressed as I am to penetrate it."

Indeed it was only too plain that nothing in the shape of petticoats and skirts could be forced, short of one's wake after a plunge or two becoming a raffle of shreds and tatters, through the dense, coarse, bush-like herbage which stood to the height of a man's waist among the trees. Indeed, the better to equip myself for this adventure, I laced on a pair of stout leather leggings, whilst I buttoned myself up in a short pea-jacket so as to oppose the trimmest figure I could contrive to the stubborn dusky confrontment of bush and guinea-grass. Leaving her standing and watching, I walked briskly towards the trees, with the butt-end of a pistol projecting from either side-pocket, and Miss Grant's weapon in my hand. Piercing as the sunlight was, the foliage was so dense, the intermingling of boughs so thickly complicated, whilst the trees, moreover, stood so close together, that within half-a-dozen paces of the eastward opening of this little forest the green gloom lay heavy beyond belief. The obscurity brought me to a stand at least a minute, until the blinding glare of the open had gone out of my eyes, and I could see plainly. Climbers and creepers of all kinds, training and coiling like serpents, added yet to the dusk by filling the spaces between the trunks with a vague showering of crimson, star-shaped blossoms. After the heat outside, the atmosphere here struck almost chill; there was a sickly

smell of rotting vegetation, and nearly every tread was upon something pulpy that yielded to the pressure with an ugly juicy sensation as if 'twas soddened through with centuries of black miry damp; though maybe it was no more than a toadstool, or a frog, or a bunch of decaying fruit. Through a little cleft at wide intervals you'd catch a glimpse of the sea spreading brimful of soft blue light to the sky, with a wild buzzing of insects coming in through the opening on a gush of hot air. I moved with a vigilant eye, crushing warily through the quickset understuff, gazing at every tree-trunk as though another step should open a figure behind it watching me. I need not deny that I felt very timid. The mere cathedral-gloom made by this dense interweaving of greenery was almost preternatural in its way, when one thought of the dazzle that was just outside. Then again, even if there should be no human beings here to suddenly let fly at me with a spear, or arrow, or fusil, how was I to know what savage beast lurked in this wild tangle of shadows? Sometimes there fell a smoky, golden haze of sunbeam, but it only deepened the obscurity of the leafy aisles; though had I had an eye for such matters at that time, I must have found something lovely beyond imagination in these dashes of soft radiance, bringing out some bunch of huge leaves, some cluster of green fruit never maybe to ripen, some scarred and ragged elbow of bough, forking black through a drapery of runners and white-hearted flowers which looked to be falling like a cataract of green waters flecked with foam from the confused darkling roof of branch and foliage. Whether the sight of my moving figure alarmed the scores of birds amongst the trees, I know not; but the cries, pipings, hoarse parrot-like bawlings, which broke from them, fell tormentingly upon my nervous ear that longed for peace that it might hearken for any signal of danger.

I had been pushing my way. for-

wards for seven or eight minutes without catching sight of anything more than the flickering plumage of some strange bird, when on my left, just past a couple of trees whose trunks rose to their branches with a twist in them which made one think of a pair of petrified boa-constrictors, I caught sight of a bell hanging from under a cover like the lid of a box, supported by two stout stanchions, the whole as green as the wooden piles of a pier washed by salt water. "That's it!" thought I. "Come! here is discovery number one. It is a real bell anyhow!" and somewhat marveling at the sight of such a thing, I made for it. The frame that supported it might have been a hundred years old, and the bell itself twice as ancient as that. The metal was green, and bronzed with time and weather. I made out some faint lingerings of what had been an inscription upon it, but the characters were indecipherable. I opened my knife and put the blade of it into the wood of the frame; it was like sticking a cheese, for the timber was damp and tinderous as soaked matchwood. A piece of grass line was attached to the clapper, and hung a foot below the mouth of the bell. It looked rotten, though I gave it a tug without parting it. To make sure that this was the same bell we had heard in the night, I struck it two or three times. The tone satisfied me. I also knew that Miss Grant, by hearing the notes, would conclude that I had discovered the bell. But who on earth could have rung it? I sent as penetrating a gaze as the twilight of the forest would permit in all directions, but nothing approaching human shape or sign of human life was to be seen.

It was clear enough that this bell was seated in the very heart of the little forest, and, as I was resolved that my overhauling of the place should be thorough, I pushed on to the western extremity of the trees, till I could see the sea opening like a great blue eye over the slope of down to the ivory of

the sand; and then worked my way with a fight for every foot I advanced, so dense, spike-like and briary was the tangle. Again and again I paused, always with Miss Grant's pistol ready cocked in my hand, and gazed earnestly right and left and behind me, till I presently came to where the opening trees gave me a view of the smaller of the two hummocks, with the herbage and trails of sand rounding north-east to the spot where we had passed the night. The daylight here lay broad, and, after walking a little, I came to sheer sand, with patches of grass sprouting out of it, and a clump of cocoas flourishing beyond, which made me wonder again, for I could see no sign of soil.

I halted a little while to recover my breath, and cleanse my face of the sweat that poured down it. I could no longer doubt that the wood was as untenanted as the rest of the island. What hand then had rung the bell? There had been no draught of air to stir the weight of metal in the night. The alighting of some heavy bird upon it might indeed have caused it to sway, but there was nothing living with wings the wide world over to account for the several sorts of peals which had rung forth—the dirge-like tolling, the quicker beat, then the mad helter-skelter clattering, and then the solemn *requiem* chimes again. It was enough to put the wildest thoughts into the most prosaic brains that ever mortal head carried; and I must confess to looking backwards into the dim twilight from which I had emerged with a sort of shrinking feeling in me, and with a bit of wonder, too, that I should have found heart enough to carry me through the exploration with so much stoutness.

I started to walk afresh to join Miss Grant, when, having made three or four steps, forgetful perhaps of preserving the shambling gait I had used in the high grass, the point of my boot struck something in the sand, and down I went, measuring the whole length of me, the pistol I grasped exploding as I fell. I jumped up, not

a little flurried by this unexpected capsizing, and on looking to see what it was that I had kicked against, I observed a large iron ring lying black upon the sand. I thought to pick it up, but on grasping it I discovered that it was fixed to an eye screwed or bolted into either wood or masonry buried in the ground. I was busy in scraping away the sand lying round about the ring with the sharp of my foot when Miss Grant arrived.

"What have you seen, Mr. Musgrave?" she cried. "At whom or what have you fired?"

"Oh," said I, "I tripped over this ring just now, and the pistol went off as I fell."

She barely glanced at the ring; her thoughts were elsewhere.

"I heard the bell; did you ring it?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What else did you see amongst the trees?" she inquired.

"Nothing else. It is some old ship's bell," I replied, "hanging at a kind of scaffold that might be a hundred years old, perhaps more."

"No man?" she asked.

"Nothing in the faintest degree approaching one, black, white, or yellow," I replied.

"But, Mr. Musgrave, *who* could have rung the bell then?"

"We may yet find out. At present I have not the faintest notion. But see here, Miss Grant; what is the meaning of this ring? It is a fixture. There will be some sort of trap down here, or I am much mistaken. If I had but a spade now!"

She looked again at the ring, and her interest came to it. She stooped and pulled at it, and then finding it fixed, recoiled a step or two and said: "We had better not meddle with it. The bell is wretched enough as a puzzle. Don't let us seek fresh adventures, Mr. Musgrave."

I mused a bit. "At all events," said I, "there can be no harm in seeing to what sort of arrangement the ring is secured."

There were shells of many kinds



strewn about the beach, some of them as big as dishes, sharp-edged enough to cut a man's head off. I picked up three or four, and fell to scratching and digging with them, Miss Grant helping me. The shells spooned up the sand plentifully, and after working a little we laid bare what had unquestionably been some small ship's hatch-cover about four feet square. On scooping yet a little at the lap of the edges, I found that this cover rested upon a timber frame, which in its turn was doubtless steadied by piles driven into the earth under the surface of sand. I tugged with all my might at the ring, but could not lift the hatch. I had no mind, however, to be balked, and after considering a while what I should do, I pulled out my knife, and opening the saw-blade, swarmed up a tree to a stout, straight, marline-spike-looking bough that had caught my eye, and putting my knife to it, worked away patiently till I had cut three-quarters through it, after which I sprang on to the bough and came down with it in a fall to the ground. It was as good as a hand-spike. I reeved it through the ring, using it as a lever, and pressing it upwards with my shoulder, I so jarred and shook the hatch-cover that it was presently loose enough to lift.

On removing it, I found that it had concealed a tunnel which vanished after a gradual slope of a few feet into utter blackness. Three or four rude steps fell in a flight to where the slope began, so that on descending a man needed but stoop his head to move clear of the roof of this strange cellar. I kneeled down to peer sideways into the obscurity, but saw nothing for the blackness there. An old faint, damp sort of smell arose.

"We had better put the cover on and go away," said Miss Grant; "there may be something horrible hidden in that grave."

"Nothing alive, at all events," said I; "it is some old freebooter's lair, some ancient piratical hiding-place, or I am very much mistaken. That secreted bell yonder is a part of the

equipment—set up to serve as an alarm, and to signal with, and perhaps to tell the hours as well. I must probe that hole; there may be a discovery under our feet worth making."

"Mr. Musgrave, you will not be so rash! What can you hope to discover—that can be, I mean, of the least use to us?"

The sense of our helplessness seemed on a sudden to smite her as a shock; she drew a quick breath, and sent a yearning glance along the ocean-line, almost unconsciously, as one who looks up to heaven in a prayer. I thought to rally her with a stroke or two of idle fancy, and said: "Time was when many of these Bahaman Cays were the haunts of the picaroons; swift and tidy little schooners, loaded to their ways with the treasure of plundered galleons, came sailing to these secret verdant islands; the treasure was brought ashore by the beauties who had stolen it, and buried. Occasionally a black man was murdered, that his ghost might haunt the sepulchre in which the booty lay, and sentinel it against other marauders. Maybe it was the ghost of a murdered black man who rang that bell last night. Miss Grant, I give you my word I am speaking the truth. The Goodwin Sands themselves have scarce gorged more wealth in their time than the pirates and buccaneers have buried in the islands and *costa firme* of these waters, though I don't say there," said I, pointing into the square hole that looked like the mouth of a well. "Yet when we have made our escape from this place, and are safe and snug in civilized quarters, should I, on recalling this secret vault, endure to think that I had wanted spirit enough to explore it? Conceive of our coming across several chests down there crammed to the lids with golden doubloons, crucifixes of the precious metal sparkling with gems, chalices which might make a Jew kneel to the Sacrament for love of the beautiful workmanship!" She smiled; I burst into a

laugh. "No," said I, "my expectations are not so high-pitched. Nevertheless, I must take a view of that interior."

"Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed, with a little pout and some warmth of feeling in the look she shot at me, with a droop of the lids instantly afterwards—the most womanly touch that could be imagined, with its flash of reproach and the pleading of the averted eye that followed,—“pray do not forget that if anything should happen to you, *I am alone.*”

I hung in the wind, for it grieved me to give her a moment's anxiety. But unless a ship took us off it was certain that we must regard ourselves as prisoners for life, if we failed to devise some fabric for making our escape in. It was impossible to know but that we might discover something in this cave which should prove of inestimable value to us, even as a step towards our deliverance, and on my dwelling upon this and assuring her that I could not imagine there should be any risk in my taking a view of the interior, her face cleared, and she seemed to agree with me; but I could read in her that though she had the heart of a lioness, it fell short of prompting her to offer to accompany me. I doubt if there was ever yet a woman who would have found courage to have entered that black hole, even though her refusal should have cost her her lover. For my part, I felt no reluctance whatever; and yet Miss Grant was so much more heroic than I, in the truest sense of the word, that recollection of the disparity tempts me almost into egotism in illustrations of my own humble doings.

I had a parcel of sperm candles in my portmanteau—useful articles to carry to sea in those, as perhaps in these, days. I fetched and lighted one of these, and slinging it by a length of tape, lowered it into the square to test the atmosphere below. It burned brightly. Indeed my nose had given me sufficient assurance of there being nothing wrong in that way. Then

bidding Miss Grant to remain where she was, and not to feel uneasy, I descended the steps, and, holding the candle up, took a look ahead. I found myself on a shelving floor of hard sand and mould, walled on either side with stanchions and pieces of timber, running athwart into a slender passage, which however opened rapidly into an apartment, the roof of which was about a head higher than my full stature. This room might be about nine feet square. Beyond it, led to by a doorway that had in its time been screened by a curtain, as I gathered from the sight of a small metal pole bracketed athwart it, was a second room, black as any tomb, as you will suppose. The flame of the candle burnt bright, yet it was but a feeble light for the illumination of such an interior as this, and I found it difficult to distinguish objects. On the left-hand side of this first room in which I stood was a low structure of bricks, which, on approaching it, I found had served in its time as a furnace for cooking. Over against it, suspended by nails driven into one of the beams which formed the transverse supporters of the wall, were several quaint, extremely old-fashioned cooking utensils, such as saucepans, frying-pans, a kettle, and the like. Two or three articles of a similar description lay under them upon the ground, whence they had dropped through rottenness of the spikes or timber, like over-ripe fruit. On the right stood a queer rustic-looking table very rudely made, the legs branching out like open compasses. I had seen such tables with villagers drinking at them outside old rural public-houses in England. On either hand were a couple of high-backed chairs. I approached the opening conducting to the inner apartment somewhat timorously. I was never a superstitious man, but there was something in the aspect of this dim, mouldy underground haunt that, affected as the imagination might also be at such a moment by recurrence to the mystery of the midnight bell-ringing, might

well have set the hair of a stouter-spirited man than mine creeping upon his head. I listened attentively; the stillness was unutterably deep, something to make one think of the silence that a man interred alive might *hear* in his coffin. However I had talked somewhat big to Miss Grant, and perhaps was in no temper to be dismayed by my own fancies; so breaking from my posture of hearkening, with a look round at the shadows flitting to the movement of the candle in my hand, I advanced to the threshold of the second chamber and peered in, holding the light in advance of me.

There was some furniture here, and consequently objects sufficient to excite a passing emotion of consternation by the dark flickering, so to speak, of several kinds of outlines. I stood staring, and presently made the chamber out to have been a bedroom. A four-post bedstead, the uprights of which however had been cut short to admit of their erection in this low-ceiled apartment, stood opposite the entrance. The candle-light seemed to find a dull reflection in the legs of it, and on drawing near I saw that they had been gilt. It had been a very magnificent bedstead in olden times, no doubt. The feet were richly-carved figures of mermaids, the posts of ebony with traces of a once gaudy inlaying. There was a mattress upon the bed and a great bolster, along with a huge, coarse, dark rug. Slung by straps to the wall were several firelocks of the pattern the buccaneers of the seventeenth century were wont to level, and the like number of pistols, all nearly of the dimensions of a fowling-piece of our time. There was also a small array of broadswords and hangers, some fallen, having rotted from the straps by which they had hung. I spied a small chest of black oak in one corner, and walked to it, having by this time got rid of my timidity. I opened it—let me admit, with a pulse accelerated by expectation—and holding the candle close, looked in; but alas! instead of massive treasure, the

chest contained nothing more than a quantity of fish-hooks of various sizes, a ball or two of rotted cotton thread, and three or four parchment-like rolls, which proved to be charts, of which the tracings were rendered indistinguishable by dirt and mildew. The side of this cavernous chamber where the chest stood was papered as it were with a sort of loose hangings. I had not noticed this but for their swaying to the little current of air wafted by my moving the lid of the box. This drapery was of yellow silk, covered with strange devices wrought in black, but time or damp had obliterated so much of the figuration, whilst my candle gave forth so uncertain a light, that it was impossible to make a guess at the nature of the designs. Here, too, were a couple of black wooden stools, the legs showing traces of gilding, and a circular steel mirror cut in facets, so tarnished that I viewed it for some time without knowing what it was. Whilst I was gazing around me lost in wonder, but with a tolerably clear conception of the character of this subterranean dwelling-place, my eye was taken by a faint reflection directly amidships of the roof, and on elevating the candle I observed that a large frame of glass had been let into the ceiling, every pane lozenge-shaped. It was indeed like a skylight on a ship's deck. I passed into the first room, and observed the same contrivance there. The sight of these windows gave me an idea, and I at once stepped into the shelving corridor and mounted the steps, blinking like an owl at the brilliant morning blaze.

"Oh, Mr. Musgrave," cried Miss Grant, "I was afraid you would never return! I have been expecting every instant to hear the report of your pistol. What have you seen? Oh, something, I *do* hope, that will explain that bell-ringing last night."

"What I have seen you shall presently see," said I. "It is as snug a two-roomed dwelling-house as one could wish, a bit mouldy perhaps, but a tidier lodging than a tree anyhow.

There will be two windows under the sand here. How will they bear now?"

"Two windows!" she exclaimed; and there was little to wonder at in her surprise, for the sand trended smooth to the dense thickets of herbage where the trees went huddling into the forest; and it needed something more than imagination to enable one to conceive of such a thing as a window having anything to do with this surface of almost powdery softness.

After pondering a minute, I walked to the spot, shells in hand, where I reckoned the window of the kitchen underneath to be situated, and fell a-scrapping; and when I had made a hole about a foot and a half deep, the edge of the shell scratched crisply over something polished. This proved to be a frame of glass. Miss Grant stood beside me, looking on, scarcely understanding what I was at, whilst I shovelled away with a couple of big shells, tossing the sand aside as a child digs for sport on the sea-shore, until I had laid bare a good space of the skylight. It was easy work, for the admixture of soil was too trifling to give much density and weight to the sand; yet it took me near an hour to lay bare the first window. I found it formed, as I had previously conjectured, of the frames of some vessel's skylight, but of a vessel that had been afloat in an age when, as I supposed, shipwrights were found willing to embellish the fabrics they launched with lozenge-shaped windows in the deck-fittings. The frames lay flat, like the cover of a hatch, solidly overlapping the edge of a timber casement. With the help of the handspike I had manufactured, I prized one of the frames out of its fixings, which had been tautened by wet running sand into a kind of cement, then with my hands tore it bodily up. The high sun struck full through the opening; Miss Grant peered down.

"It is a room!" she cried.

"Yes," said I, "and it will furnish us with the sort of asylum we stand in

need of until the moment of our deliverance arrives."

"You do not intend that we should sleep down there?" she exclaimed, flushing to the startling thought, whilst her eyes brightened with the dread in her.

"You shall judge for yourself, presently," said I, laughing.

"Sleep in such a hole as that!" she cried, with her white forefinger dramatically pointing downwards, and a fine imperiousness in the pose of her figure, springing as it were out of a sort of passing indignation at my suggestion. "Why, Mr. Musgrave, supposing the man that rung the bell last night should discover that we were underground; he might put the covers on these holes, and then—and then—"

"We should be buried alive," said I; "only there is no man here, so I am not afraid."

"Who rung the bell then?" she asked.

"No man, I'll swear," I answered, "unless he be endowed with some mystic power of converting himself into a bush or tree at sight. Indeed I hope we may not be able to find out who did ring the bell," I continued, sending a look at the ocean, "for I should like to be taken off at once, at this very minute indeed. But if we are forced to tarry we shall solve the mystery, depend upon it. There's another window somewhere to be cleaned, Miss Grant," I continued, speaking cheerfully; "and when that's done I'll show you so quaint and surprising a curiosity in the shape of a piratical lair, that if I had it within reach of the millions of Great Britain I should make a fortune in a month by exhibiting it at a shilling a head. But how goes the hour?" I looked at my watch; it was after eleven. "It is time," said I, "to take a peep at the sea from the hummock. Pray God some gleam of canvas may be showing!"

She refused to remain until I returned, and so we went together. I must own to finding her most fasci-

nating when she was most timorous. In her fearless moods she seemed to be withdrawn to a distance from me, so to speak ; but her manner grew tenderly clinging when she was nervous. She passed her hand through my arm as we walked away, giving a glance over her shoulder at the dark square of hatch upon the sand, with an unconscious pressure of her fingers upon my sleeve. It was strange that she who had sat calm in the presence of the body of the murdered mate, who had confronted with wonderful composure the most threatening and malignant experiences of the voyage, should tremble at a black hole in the sand, and at my proposal to tenant a lodging which would protect us at least from the dews of heaven, from the sting of the mosquito, and from the jaws of the land-crab. But may not one read of a field-marshal fainting at sight of a mouse ? It might not have needed more than a spider on her petticoat to wring a wilder screech from Joan of Arc than ever the stake extorted. One is sorry to say it—but it is true, nevertheless—that it is in the weaknesses of human nature that one finds its loveliness.

There was nothing in sight. I searched with a shipwrecked eye, but the brim of the ocean ran in an unbroken sweep of blue to the mirroring of the sun. The heavens were cloudless ; not the faintest feather of vapour in the whole spacious dome from its azure at the horizon to its brassy central glare. The heat would have been unendurable but for the shelter of the wide umbrella under which we both stood. The faintest draught of air was stirring, sometimes expiring to let the fiery buzzing of the island swing tingling to the ear, then floating afresh, hot as a breath from a furnace, driving the sound of the feverish concert back. The atmosphere trembled to the drawing of the sun ; branch and tree and every spear of grass, the slim length of the cocoa to its tufted head, the plumed arch of the palm, the great drooping leaf of the wild cotton-tree,

faintly writhed upon the sight, till you thought you could *see* the mass of tropic vegetation growing—with many a crackling noise as of growths rent by the roasting glare, cleaving the shrill, fierce humming with a strange and startling edge of sound.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### AN UNDERGROUND LODGING.

By two o'clock that afternoon I had entirely cleared the second window of the sand that rested nearly two feet thick upon it. I prized open a casement that the apartment beneath might obtain purification from the air as well as from the sunshine, and I then asked Miss Grant to step below with me and view the rooms. She had seen enough by peering through the skylights to excite her curiosity, and moreover to reassure her mind ; and so she now let me hand her down that black hole from which she had shrunk with her eyes ashine with dismay in the morning.

The coolness of the atmosphere in this cavern was nigh as refreshing as a bath after the roasting glow up above ; and the softened light of it fell soothingly upon the eye, fresh from the blinding whiteness of the sand and the blue brilliance of the ocean. Miss Grant looked quickly about the place, advancing to the doorway of the inner room with a hurried survey of the chamber, and then her manner lost its restlessness.

"Do you know, Mr. Musgrave," she said, "I expected to find that you had missed some secret way of getting out of this place. I felt almost certain that this was the haunt of the person who rung the bell last night."

"You are satisfied, I hope ?"

"I see two rooms, and only one entrance. Yes ; I am satisfied," she said, continuing to look round her penetratingly. "Have you lifted that faded silk hanging ?" referring to the yellow drapery against the wall in the inner apartment.



"No," I answered, "but I'll do better than lift it," and so saying I went and pulled it down. It was like dragging at a cobweb. No stagnant flag rotting in the gloom of an abbey's roof over an aged stall would have parted more easily to a pull. The wall the stuff had concealed was like the others, soil and sand, solidified and shored up by a great number of stanchions and transverse beams. Miss Grant now behaved as if she were in a museum. Her face was lighted up by curiosity, and she peered at everything with the liveliest interest. The daylight lay bright in each room, and the damp and mouldy smell was fast yielding to the aromatic air gushing warmly in, laden with the island's multitudinous voice, through the open casements. I overhauled the contents of the old black chest afresh, in the hope of meeting with some hint of the story of this queer dwelling-place, but found nothing to suggest an idea even. The charts, so far as I could make them out, were buccaneering maps of the Antilles and the Panama main, with here and there a rude, ill-digested, most deceptive outline stealing out of the grimy thickness of dirt and mildew. I stretched the silk to the light, but the figurations were as vague as they had shown by candle-light. The fire-arms were crumbling, rusty old pieces, great curiosities no doubt in their way, as were the pistols and the hangers, and indeed every piece of furniture in the place.

"And you think," said Miss Grant, coming to a stand after the narrowest imaginable inspection of everything in true womanly style, and gazing around her with wonder no longer mixed with apprehension, "that this was many years ago the home of a pirate?"

"Ay, no doubt of it," I responded. "A hundred and fifty years ago I dare say this was a very glittering and sumptuous interior. Look at the legs of that bedstead. Saw any one the like of such carving, I mean on so prosaic a piece of furniture? It was the princely decoration of some rich

galleon's state-cabin, I dare say; and one need not shut one's eyes to realize the idea of a head like Cervantes—who, by the way, was an exceedingly ugly man—snoring on a pillow there, the figure concealed to the throat by some exquisitely-worked counterpane of silk. Here is enough to set the imagination off into a brisk trot. The high-sterned polacre, striking the glory of the westering sun from her windows into the dark blue beneath, is riding within musket-shot of the beach; her captain, mate, and boon companions of the crew are here carousing. See them in their great flapping hats, their yellow belts, their big jack-boots, their spiked beards, and moustaches curled to their piratical eyes, roaring out some song of old Spain, with goblets before them filled with a vintage of which we, a debased posterity, can never know the magical qualities. The old villains! they drank all the fine liquor, and left us the gout!"

"Your picture wants a heroine," said Miss Grant, laughing.

"Oh," said I, "I have not forgotten her. She must be yellow-haired; some Saxon sweetheart captured out of an English ship, bound, shall we say, to Rio, Miss Grant? She has exhausted the language of entreaty, wept her glorious eyes dim, and grief, as she sits yonder, is eating away her trembling little heart as she listens with a loathing ear to the deep-throated chorusing of the black-browed roysters, as they sit clinking their silver flagons at that very table there, perhaps! The Lord preserve us! what a brush has fancy—to one's own intellectual eyesight, I mean—when her pigments are such realities as yonder bedstead, those high-backed chairs, those queer-looking frying-pans, in which many a hearty turtle-steak has hissed, many a Friday's absolving fare of fish has spluttered! But to be serious, Miss Grant, will not these rooms yield us the accommodation we require?"

She shook her head a little dubiously. "If we could remove that gloomy old bedstead—" she said.

"Oh, certainly," I interrupted. "A little hammering of it with one of those muskets should render it portable. Your hammock will take its place excellently. Then, with the skylight casement a bit open for the fresh air it would let through, and a shawl swung from that metal rod over the doorway, the room would provide you with as snug a retreat as any hotel could offer; whilst I should make my bed here"—we were conversing in the room which I must call the kitchen—"ready at a moment's notice to interpose, pistol in hand, betwixt that entrance, which your presence beyond will render sacred, and the villainous bell-ringer, whoever he may be."

"You do not think of sleeping here to-night, at all events," she said.

"No, since I see how reluctant you still are. But your health is precious, and mine also is precious for your sake. A few nights of exposure to the damp of these moonlit heavens would, I fear, tell upon us both, breed a fever, afflict us with the ague, disable us by some sort of sickness, and leave us in a very bad case indeed. We have to get away from this island, you know; and if we design to achieve our deliverance we must keep well."

Her good sense came to her rescue; she perceived the truth of my words, and said she would do as I wished, only—not to-night. When that terrible bedstead had been removed, the place would look more wholesome.

"Whatever I propose," said I, "is with thoughts of your comfort, your health, your security. 'Tis a bitter, hard experience for you, and would to God I knew how to soften it, better still how to end it. But the thing looks us in the face, and we must meet it as bravely as we can. My part is that of a protector. If I know myself I shall play it dutifully."

She glanced at me a moment as if she would speak, then hung her head to hide the tears which filled her eyes, whilst she extended her hand,

saying, "I thank you—I thank you, Mr. Musgrave," just above her breath.

I never recall this strange wild time without asking myself whether I acted as a true, upright, high-minded gentleman should towards this lady, situated as she was, forced by stress of ocean into intimate association with me, at the mercy of my feelings and instincts as a man. I did my best. I know that my one whole-hearted desire was, she should never suffer an instant's pain, be sensible of a moment's grief, of the lightest stir of uneasiness, through this obligation of bare unconventional companionship with me. I could summon no better government of thought for my behaviour than this resolution. But then her own frank, fearless, beautiful nature helped me. Her very purity was like a meeting of my efforts half-way. A little too much of modesty in her would have constrained me with a constant sense of embarrassment by which I might have been led into blunders. Indeed I have to thank her own heroic, honest nature for the successful accomplishment of my desire, that our association on this island should be as painless to her woman's modesty as though the formidable conditions of our isolation, which forced us close and bound us, so to speak, together, had been as stringent as they were indeed relaxing.

I devoted the rest of the afternoon to dismantling the underground rooms; again and again however intermitting the work to repair to the summit of the hummock for a view of the sea, but without beholding the least sign of a vessel, though never could despair have rendered human gaze more strenuously eager and searching than mine. The task I had set myself distracted my thoughts; yet it was extremely depressing. It was as though we felt there was no help or hope for us, and that there was nothing for it but to reconcile ourselves to our miserable lot, and effect the best settlement upon the island that could be contrived

by persons who were almost wholly without resources. I caught Miss Grant eyeing the old saucepans and frying-pans with an air of mingled doubt and thoughtfulness, and then she presently made a little collection of them, and was going up the steps. I asked her what she intended to do with the things. She answered that she meant to clean them; they were not fit to use as they were. I looked at her delicate white hands with a movement of remonstrance in me; but then I reflected that occupation of any sort was good for people situated as we were, and that the soiling or coarsening of her hands would be but a very small matter indeed side by side with the desperate needs which might presently grow upon us. But it was with something almost of a laugh of bitterness that I turned from her handsome form as she mounted the steps to the open, and resumed my work. "A pretty leveller is the sea!" thought I. "To think of this stately and lovely lady, who ought to be drawing close to her sweetheart, and to the comforts and refinements of a sunny and pleasant home, scouring old pots and pans upon a desert island; with myself, a gentleman at ease, forsooth! a Piccadilly dawdler, knocking an old bedstead to pieces, as though he had bound himself apprentice to some old rag-and-bone merchant, and furbishing up a residence which even a mole might eye with distrust!"

Nevertheless, denuded of my coat and waistcoat, and my shirt-sleeves rolled above my elbows, I continued to toil manfully, making very little account of the gloomy thoughts that weighed on me. With the stock of one of the muskets I speedily demolished the bedstead, carrying it piecemeal above, where I found Miss Grant seated, shaded by an umbrella, polishing the saucepans and other contrivances with a wet rag and sand. One showed bright to her scrubbing, and she watched me with a well-pleased face as I inspected it. The fact was,

there had come to my mind the story of a party of shipwrecked people who had been poisoned by eating food cooked in utensils which they had found in an old house hard by the spot where they had been cast away, and I considered our sufferings already too lively to demand the supplementary punishment of a deadly stew-pan. However, the kettle was of iron, and the other things of stout block tin, and so I went back to my work, leaving her to go on with hers.

I remember I was sufficiently silly, as I cleared this cavernous retreat of such grimy furniture as we did not need, to continue in some small hope of meeting with something unexpected. Must I confess it? I was weak enough to suffer myself to be haunted by a little dream of treasure. I was but a young man, with much of the boy still clinging to me. After all, this was a sort of adventure to make even an older heart than mine feel virginal with romantic fancy. A cave into which the light of day may not have penetrated for above a century—as true a copy of a piratical lair as the most ardent imagination could body forth—into which the duller eye could not have peered without peeping it with a score of spectral things vital with the colours of imagination, and gathering a character of substantiality almost from the odd fantastic surroundings of dim silk and drapery, of a bedstead that carried one's thoughts to the great galleon with its bristling broadsides and its mast-long pennons; of cutlass, matchlock, and hanger charged with suggestions of the Tortugas, Panama, the train of mules laden with silver, bracelets of gold on arms of ebony, and the citadel guarding store-houses of ingots built roof-high—why, I say, it was impossible for me, with such young eyes as I then carried in my head, man though I was in years, to dismantle such a retreat as this without the sort of hope that must have set me laughing had it been told to me of another. But I explored to no purpose. Floor

and wall were solid; no hint of a trap-door, no sign of a secret hiding-place. Whether the discovery of a chest of bullion, or a sack full of ecclesiastical furniture in precious ore would have served to reconcile us to being marooned, I don't know; but on looking back I cannot but think that we deserved some such reward, and am still weak enough to imagine that had I hunted more diligently I might have met with it.

There was no chimney to the kitchen, but on making up a fire of wood, dry grass, and the sweepings, so to speak, of these rooms, in order to test the furnace, I found that the smoke passed out freely through the open skylight, whilst despite the apparent want of draught, the fire burnt briskly enough to roast us a leg of mutton, had we had such a thing. I should have been glad to take up my abode that same night in these secret chambers, for I could see my way to as comfortable a bed of leaves and grass, with a rug for a sheet and another for a coverlet, as I needed to lie on, with promise besides of escape from the mosquitoes and the cold clip of the land-crab's jaws. But Miss Grant's soft shake of the head determined me to say no more about it. It was her humour to sleep another night in the hammock under the trees, and it was my duty to be near her. I thought to myself, should the bell toll to-night, her mind may come more willingly to the underground shelter to-morrow. For my part it seemed like mocking luck to lie all night with nothing but blue atmosphere betwixt the trembling stars and one's body, when there was as good a roof for one as old mother earth could supply close at hand. But he must be a clever man who can even dimly guess at but a portion of what goes to a woman's timidity and reluctance.

I was mightily glad when sundown came. After the fierce glare of the day the evening fell upon us sweet as a blessing, with its dewy richness and coolness of air and the hush of the discordant voices of the island.

We sat or strolled, as on the previous night, till the moon was high, talking of Rio, of what my cousin would be thinking, of the probable fate of the Iron Crown, of our prospect of escape, and a score of such matters. Once, on the sheer rim of the sheet of glory lying under the moon, we both thought we could make out a black speck, and I never could have imagined how wildly passionate was the desire for deliverance in us both—so smoothly would we talk of our rescue, so quiet was the face we had put upon our distress—until, as we stood gazing with our hearts in our eyes at the extremity of the silver wake with the purple gloom lifting like the banks of a river to it on either side, I felt her hand trembling in mine, while my breath came and went as thick, dry, and difficult as though a poison worked in me. That it was a ship we neither of us could say. Sometimes we fancied we saw it, then it would go, then seemed to blacken out again into a tiny spot. So dead was the calm the lightest craft could scarce have floated the distance of a fathom in an hour. There was something almost of a physical burthen in the profound, stirless tranquillity that seemed to come weighing down with the fine clear dusk of the night. You almost blessed the crickets for their bell-like chirping, and bent the ear to the delicate ripple of surf for the relief you got out of its soft simmering noise. But let it have been a ship or fancy, 'twas all the same to us. The spangled blue of the heavens went down with its stars to the lustrous sea-line, smoothing it there to a flawless rim; and Miss Grant let fall my hand with a deep sigh, and a sudden look of grief at me in the moonlight, for which there was no answer but silence.

However, partly with the wish to distract her mind, and partly because of the necessity for such a thing, I thought I would see if there were any craw-fish to be obtained; so first of all I cut a bough from a tree which I had previously observed to be of a resinous

nature, and on putting fire to it found that it made just such a torch as I needed. I then fashioned a shawl into a sort of bag, which I requested Miss Grant to hold, desiring her also to take her stand close by the wash of the water on the beach, ready to pick up and pop into the shawl such fish as I might have the luck to capture; then turning up my trousers to above my knees, I waded a little distance into the sea, not without some anxiety regarding my toes, for I knew there would be plenty of crabs hereabouts, big and powerful, with the jaws almost of a young shark in their gripping and cleaving qualities. The smoky flame of my torch threw a yellow illumination through the water to the bottom of it, and after waiting a little I was rewarded by the sight of several black objects crawling like lizards to my legs out of the darkness. I dipped briskly, and in a few minutes had chucked a good round score of craw-fish on to the beach, and as fast as they fell Miss Grant picked them up, till the improvised bag writhed to the movements of the creatures as though it were something living in her hand. There was some labour in the occupation; but the water circled cool to my knees, the breath of it floated refreshingly to the face, and flinging away the smouldering remains of my torch I waded ashore, brisk as though from a bath, and lighted a cigar with immense relish of the fumes of the tobacco. I dropped the bundle of craw-fish down the hole that led to the underground rooms, and sat for a long while with Miss Grant; our camp-stools in the heart of the ivory whiteness of the tract on which I had slept last night, and on which I was again to sleep. Occasionally my companion would look a little nervously towards the forest. Now that the silent night had come, thoughts of the mysterious bell-ringing troubled her afresh. Since it was impossible for the bell to ring itself, she said, it must have been tolled by human agency of some sort. No bird or beast alighting upon or

thrusting against it could have produced the varied ringing we had heard, and consequently she was certain there was a man hidden in the wood.

"Why should he hide?" said I, wanting to reassure her, for some hours of moonlight and gloom yet lay betwixt us and the daybreak.

"For fear of us, perhaps," she answered.

"If that be so," said I, "would not he be mad to make his presence known by ringing the bell?" She could not answer this. "Besides," continued I, "where would he hide himself? I searched the forest pretty narrowly. 'Tis true he might have a lodging in the hollow of a tree; but you can't reconcile any motive that a man would have in concealing himself, with his lusty ringing of a bell at midnight—raising about the most alarming clamour that human ingenuity could hit upon."

"Then, Mr. Musgrave, you wish me to believe that the bell rang of its own accord, or that it was struck by some spirit-hand?"

This silenced me in my turn. For my own part, I could not make head or tail of the matter, though, spite of the clear expression of human agency that I had found in the changes of the performance of the mysterious bell-ringer, I would have been willing to bet all I was worth that I was the only man on that island, as Miss Aurelia was the only woman. But it was not a thing to bother ourselves too much about. It was an odd ocean-puzzle, which grew a bit wild with the deepening of the night and the thickening out of the dusky shadows of the little forest to the westerly drawing down of the moon. But my mind was too greatly worried with other considerations to give it heed enough to render me restless on its account.

Whilst we sat conversing I spied the black shape of a turtle creeping out of the creek, with the moon sparkling on its wet shell. "I must have that lady," said I; "she looks



but a tortoise, and a small one at that." I fetched the handspike I had manufactured that day to prize open the skylight in the sand, and then waiting till the creature had got a good distance from the water's edge, I made for it, and, with more dexterity than I should have believed myself capable of, slipped my pole fair between the flippers, and with a hearty spring turned the thing fair on to its back. I then opened my knife and cut its throat, feeling as remorseful through the horror of the needful operation as a conscience-stricken murderer, despite my perceiving how needlessly inhuman it would have been to let the poor creature lie all night in the torment of its capsized posture, only to decapitate it next morning after all. It was a small hawk's-billed turtle, I believe weighing less than one hundred pounds, or I should never have been able to deal with it single-handed. I returned with a guilty feeling of blood upon my head to Miss Grant, and told her what I had done.

"How shipwreck—to call our condition shipwreck," said I, "forces one's hand! I should have thought myself no more capable of murdering yonder creature than of slaughtering an ox. How much of what is ignoble, of what is purely animal comes out of one in stresses of this kind! A man, to remain only a little lower than the angels, should be luxuriously fed and housed, I think. His vileness grows with his needs. The nature of beasts remains the same in essentials, whether they be pury with food or mere ribs of famine. But bring human nature down to such destitution as an open boat, for instance, expresses, without a crumb of bread or a thimbleful of fresh water, and how base it will show in its instincts!"

"And all this," she exclaimed, smiling, "because you have killed a turtle! Yet I dare say your appreciation of the god-like qualities of man in you would not suffer through your chasing a hare in company with twenty horsemen over miles of ground,

or killing a long afternoon by shooting at harmless little pigeons." She rose. "It is too late to provoke you to an argument," she continued; "what is the time, Mr. Musgrave?"

I brought the face of my watch to the moonlight. "Twenty minutes past twelve," said I.

"Have you my pistol?"

I had it in my pocket. I loaded, primed, and handed it to her; she adjusted it in her belt as on the previous night, then removed her hat, and gave me her hand, as her manner always was ere retiring to rest. I pressed my lips to it in the old-fashioned salute, grieved to the heart to think of the hardships that had befallen this brave and beautiful girl, and deeply moved by the pathos I found in her uncomplaining acceptance of our sorrowful and seemingly hopeless condition.

When she was fairly in her hammock, I rigged the mosquito-curtain over her, and turned away from the beauty of her face, showing marble in the transparency under which she lay, with a feeling that made me almost wild at heart for a little with a sense of betrayal of the trust whose obligation, confound it! grew more imperious in proportion as it taxed my weakness. I threw a rug upon the sand, rolled up a coat for a bolster, saw to my pistols, threw the mosquito-net over my head, and lay down. This was our second night on the island. I felt the solitude of the place and the dismalness and melancholy of our look-out far more keenly than I had on the previous day. There was something of novelty about our situation during the first few hours which worked with a little quality of buoyancy in the spirits; but that was gone, and there was nothing now between the heart and the crushing burden of imprisonment. The fire-flies swarmed in brilliant constellations, the tingling horn of the mosquito sounded shrill against my ear, odd midnight notes of dreaming fowl broke into the silence out of the inland dusk, down upon the ivory of the creek-side lay

my slaughtered turtle, with a look in it of a great stain of ink upon the moon-whitened sand that importunately and unpleasantly sent my thoughts straying away to the murder of Bothwell and the ugly blotch on the cabin-floor. The brig, the mutineers, the loss of Gordon and the men, Broadwater's mysterious disappearance—why, these were things already growing dreamlike, so heavy was the thrust this last experience of ours gave even to the freshest memories, sending the latest incidents reeling back into a sort of antiquity, till, on my oath, it seemed as long as twenty years ago since we had embarked on the Iron Crown in the Downs.

I was restless and hot, and was in the act of sitting up with the design of lifting the mosquito-curtain high enough to bring a cigar to my lips, when the bell hidden away in the blackness behind us began to toll.

"There, Mr. Musgrave! There it is again!" cried Miss Grant, almost hysterically, and in a breath she had sprang from her hammock and was alongside of me, with her hand on my shoulder, listening. The ringing was much the same as on the night before—first a slow and solemn tolling, making one think of some mortuary bell timing the melancholy pacing of a funeral winding along a cyprus-shadowed path to an ugly rent in the earth; then after a pause, as though the ringer had halted to refresh himself with a drink, a hasty clattering, a most alarming clamorous vibration; then the dirge-like chiming again, followed on by all sorts of beatings, fast and slow.

"Will you say *now*," cried Miss Grant, holding my hand tightly, "that there is no man there?"

"Be it man or devil," I exclaimed, "ghost or goblin, it is a riddle we must solve for our peace' sake. Wait you here."

"What do you mean to do?" she cried, still clinging to me.

"Why, since it is impossible to see, to let drive in the direction of the sound

anyhow, and listen for some squeal to follow, that we may know the ringing is not an hallucination, for I protest to Heaven, the incredibility of such a thing is enough to make one think one's self mad for hearing it.

She dropped my hand, and I walked towards the trees with a pistol in either fist. She followed me, holding her own little weapon, but the dense tangle, I knew, would stop her presently. I had no intention of penetrating the wood by the road I had taken when the morning sun shone brilliant. If it were dark then, it would be blacker than thunder now, which necessarily increased the astonishment I laboured under at hearing the bell; for unless the thing that rang it lived within a pace of it, its power of being able to find it amid that blackness was as astonishing as the sound itself. Yet all this while the chimes continued. Whatever the ringer might be, its mood seemed merrier on this than on the last night. It rang heartily, with a curious suggestion of enjoyment in the sound produced. The disturbed birds sent a hundred remonstrant cries, yells, and whistlings from the trees, which apparently merely increased the appetite of the ringer for his labour, for 'tis not in mortal pen to express the preternatural wildness, melancholy, and I may say horror, of the sound of that secret ringing echoing through the island out of the central midnight fastness, and dying away in ghostly tones far out upon the silent sea. I was as angry as I was bewildered. The character of the sound staggered my doubts of there being a man there. It seemed impossible that anything but a human hand should produce such noise. Closely followed by my companion, I skirted the trees to that thin scattering of them whence I had emerged after my morning's hunt, and where I had tripped over the ring in the sand, from which point I thought that I could better collect the bearings of the bell. Miss Grant soon came to a stand, her clothing rendering the growth impenetrable to her.

"Oh, if I were only dressed as you are, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed, in a voice so charged with bitter vexation that it was almost like hearing her sob. "Do not venture too far. Be cautious for my sake. What shall I do if I am left alone here?"

"I will not go far," said I; "stand you in this black shadow. In the haze of the moon you will be able to see anything that may run this way. Let fly at it, will you, should it come. Only please take care not to shoot me."

With that I left her, and drove with trudging steps through the coarse, wiry undergrowth, helped somewhat by recollection of the road I had taken in the morning, and aided also by the sound of the bell. However, I had not advanced fifty paces when I found further progress impossible. There was no question however that the chimes came from the bell I had inspected in the morning, so I levelled a pistol at the blackness in the direction whence the sounds were coming, and fired. The trees all about me glanced out yellow to the flame; the bell instantly ceased; but one had to listen to make sure, so

deafening was the noise among the branches of the terrified creatures roosting up there. I levelled a second pistol and fired again, with a renewal of the distracting outbreak overhead, rolling in a wave of discordant uproar, so wild that the effect upon the hearing defies language. I waited a little, eagerly hearkening. The ringing had ended. The forest noises died away, and in a few minutes you heard nothing but the familiar croakings and chirrupings, chiefly out in the open. There were too many trees in the road to render it likely I had hit the ringer; indeed I had not fired with that idea. But I thought that whatever it was that rang the bell might come sneakingly my way, and I strained my hearing for any sound resembling the rustling of the coarse growth pressed by the foot; but nothing of the sort was audible, so I returned to Miss Grant, and walked with her back to where the hammock was.

Well, it was a mystery not to be solved by wondering at it. I own I slept but little that night through thinking of it, whilst Miss Grant next morning confessed that she had not closed her eyes.

*(To be continued.)*

#### FATHER DAMIEN.

No golden dome shines over Damien's sleep:  
A leper's grave upon a leprous strand,  
Where hope is dead, and hand must shrink from hand,  
Where cataracts wail toward a moaning deep,  
And frowning purple cliffs in mercy keep  
All wholesome life at distance, hath God planned  
For him who led the saints' heroic band,  
And died a shepherd of Christ's exiled sheep.  
O'er Damien's dust the broad skies bend for dome,  
Stars burn for golden letters, and the sea  
Shall roll perpetual anthem round his rest:  
For Damien made the charnel-house life's home,  
Matched love with death; and Damien's name shall be  
A glorious benediction, world-possess.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

## AUSTRALIAN POLITICS.

It has been said that Australian politics are the politics of great questions and little men. Like most generalisations this is hardly accurate. Sir Henry Parkes, of New South Wales, and Sir John Macdonald, of Canada, are men of equal calibre to many who have made for themselves names in English history. Mr. Gillies, Premier of Victoria, has a parliamentary skill and experience which would fit him to lead in any deliberative assembly; while Sir Samuel Griffith, of Queensland, has a genius for practical legislation which has made the statute-book of his colony a model. Among many younger men, the names of Mr. Deakin of Victoria, Mr. Barton of New South Wales, Mr. Sabre Mackenzie of New Zealand, and Mr. Inglis Clark of Tasmania, would all, if there were any unity of sentiment between Australia and England, be known to every one who takes an interest in public affairs.

Nor is the standard of Australian legislatures generally low. It is a mistake to suppose that the majority of members are either disorderly or corrupt. Personal corruption is, I believe, entirely unknown. Such improper influencing of votes as does occur takes the form (not altogether unknown in the case of dockyard-towns in England) of pleasing the member by spending public money in his constituency. Members may also occasionally use their position to obtain early information of projected public works; but those who act in this way are much fewer than the too suspicious public is ready to believe, while their conduct has rarely, if ever, any reference to their votes. Upon the whole, our Parliaments are a fair reflex of Australian life; and if they are not better, the fault does not lie with the

constituencies. These, in the absence of some disturbing local feeling, will as a rule choose the best man that offers himself; and they prefer an educated man to one who is uneducated.

The fault of our Parliaments is inexperience. Members are anxious to do well, but they do not know the business of legislation. Most of them are entirely untrained in the management of public affairs, having no knowledge of English Parliamentary history, and being without that instinct for government which is the heritage of tradition of the English leisured class. In most of the Colonies this defect is remedied by payment of members—a policy which must in time create professional politicians, who, like professionals in any other walk of life, do their work better than amateurs. Partly as a result of this inexperience, and partly owing to the small number of members, there is a considerable waste of time in aimless motions and long speeches. There is none of that intolerance towards bores which is a feature of the House of Commons, so that every member can rely upon making himself heard for any number of hours together. The chambers are too small and the number of members too few to admit of drowning a member's voice by noise. The Speaker will at once detect any one making this attempt and silence his interruptions by a call to order. In the House of Commons, where several hundred men are crowded in a small room and under dark galleries, organised expressions of the general disinclination to listen to a tiresome speech can easily be made, which would be quite impossible among the smaller numbers scattered sparsely on the benches of a Colonial Assembly.

In consequence of this inability to make itself felt, the public opinion of an Australian Parliament is not the restraining force upon the conduct of an individual member that it is in England. On the contrary, systematic defiance of the opinion of the House is a common and (if the offending member represent an Irish constituency) often a necessary step towards eminence and notoriety. Disorderly scenes, when they occur, are made the most of by the Press; and, though some things are left unnoticed, many things are brought into undue and unnecessary prominence. There are episodes in the House of Commons career of Mr. Disraeli during his last premiership which would have formed the theme of flaming paragraphs in Australian newspapers, but which the English papers passed over in silence; while the particular weakness which endeared the O'Gorman Mahon to an English House of Commons would be regarded with different eyes by an Australian Assembly. Members who are positively disorderly are very few, and generally either belong to the Irish race or represent an Irish constituency. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, where disorder does occur, it goes further than would be permitted in the House of Commons, in consequence of that inability of public opinion to make itself felt which has been already noticed.

It is true that the casual visitor to an Australian Assembly will not carry away a good impression. The explanation is a simple one. For the reason already given, every member thinks he is entitled to speak on every question, and if the question is one of any importance his constituency will probably expect him to speak. In the nature of things most of these speeches must be bad and dull. There are few subjects which cannot be threshed out by the leading men on either side. The rank and file, if they insist on making themselves heard, must expect to fail as makers of speeches. If they become as sensible of their own dullness

as their hearers are, they may be tempted to enliven their remarks with personalities. A stranger resents these; but the most legitimate discussion of most of the subjects of debate would be equally distasteful to a stranger.

One consequence of the small numbers of an Assembly and of the sparse population of a Colony is not altogether unsatisfactory. The saying that no man can be a hero to his own valet strictly applies to Australian politics. In Australian public life a man cannot pose; owing to the smallness of the community and the narrow circle in which he lives, he is speedily found out. It would be impossible for many men who pass in England as representative Australians, and who even get returned upon the faith of their profession to the House of Commons, to win the confidence of any Australian constituency. The attempt has been made and in vain. It is impossible for a man to get into office upon the credit of qualities he does not possess. He may not be the best man for the position; but his strength and weakness are known to every one. It may be questioned whether this is always the case in England. Judicious mediocrity loves a crowd.

The fear of being thought an impostor often leads to another extreme, especially on the part of those who have most reason to fear being found out. In every Colonial Parliament there are one or two members who strenuously endeavour to create a reputation for honesty by an affectation of blunt speech. But they do not always succeed. In every Parliament, too, there are men who, in their anxiety to be plain and practical, neglect all forms and graces of style, even to ignoring at times the ordinary rules of seemly behaviour.

In spite, however, of these drawbacks, public life in Australia has several great advantages. Not only are the questions of policy large and far-reaching, but the influence of the individual in their decision is very great. Nowhere, whether in public or



in private affairs, does the individual count for so much as he does in Australia. There is no helpless fluttering against the iron bars of class or tradition: every stroke of work tells: a man can use his strength in Australia, whether it is strength of muscle or of brain. The daily victory over the forces of Nature in the material world gives confidence in other struggles. This feeling of energy and hope cannot fail to be strengthened by an experience of office. So much in a new country depends on good administration, and so little of administration is as yet settled into a routine, that much more responsibility and power attaches to a minister of the Crown in an Australian Colony than is the case in England. There are here no official traditions handed down from one permanent secretary to another: there are seldom precedents in important matters: whatever is done must be done upon direct and ministerial responsibility. Fortunately, considering how short-lived most Australian ministers are, the Civil Service is singularly efficient, and no minister need go wrong for want of competent advice. The Service, it is true, has been overcrowded in the exercise of political patronage, and contains many drones; but I believe that in all the Colonies the responsible officials of the departments are men of high character and great ability. It has recently been my fortune to be a member of a Board of Inquiry into the condition of the Civil Service of New South Wales; and in the performances of the duties of that office I have many times wondered that the State should be able to secure the services of so many able and educated men at the low salaries which are paid in the Colonies to Civil Servants.

A general election has lately taken place in the three largest Colonies, New South Wales, Queensland, and Victoria. In each of these contests the Irish vote has played an important part. In New South Wales it was given as a block vote in favour of

Protection. In Victoria, where the fiscal question was not in issue, it was given as a block vote to the publicans with a pious opinion in favour of Free Trade. In Queensland it was given as a block vote in favour of "Nationalism". Through all these inconsistencies there is one guiding clue; in every case the vote was cast against the Government. The explanation of this is partly connected with religion and partly with politics. The Irish priesthood, in strict obedience to the teachings of their Church, desire to get control of the public schools, while the Irish laity, who are not guided by the priesthood, desire to get control of the public offices. Public opinion however (possibly owing to prejudice) is not inclined to assist the Irish in realizing either of these wishes. In Australia, as in America, the Irish have always formed a party by themselves; and it cannot be said that the illustrations which they have given of their power to govern have been entirely satisfactory. Twice in the history of Victoria the Catholic party has been in power, once under Sir John O'Shaunessy, and once under Sir Bryan O'Loughlan; and the lesson which was then taught has never been forgotten either in Victoria or in the other Colonies. With an instinctive capacity for political organization, eloquence, industry, and administrative power, Irishmen in office, when they are supported by an Irish majority, have (in Australia at all events) shown themselves entirely without a sense of responsibility in the expenditure of public money. The administrations before referred to, like the succession of administrations which ruled in New South Wales by the support of the Irish party from 1883 to 1887, are pre-eminent in Australian history for their reckless extravagance in public works. Whatever Government may be in power, the Irish are the great billet-hunters: five applicants out of every six for any Government appointment, however poorly paid, are certain to bear Irish names. The desire

therefore of the Irish as a party to get the control of patronage into their own hands is very strong, and partly explains the solidity of the Irish vote. But the tie which binds the party together is more religious than political. The educated Irish, who unfortunately form an insignificant minority among their Australian compatriots, together with the few English Catholics, who in Australia are almost invariably men of the highest attainments and character, are of course in no degree influenced by the mere desire for power. They cannot, however, ignore the religious basis upon which their party rests. In every part of the world the Catholic Church is making an effort to obtain the control of primary instruction. In Australia this attempt has been for the present effectually foiled, and the wisest Catholics recognize that for the present at any rate it cannot succeed, while many of them are even being convinced that their fear of secular education was ill-founded and their hostility mis-directed. Nevertheless, whatever may be the feelings of the laity, the priesthood cannot let the matter rest. They cannot, except in flagrant disobedience to their vows, assent to the education of the rising generation passing into other hands. For many years they kept up a vigorous assault upon the national system of education. Within the last five years, however, they have changed their tactics, and for many elections past the Education Act has not been mentioned. This policy of ominous silence has at last attracted general attention. It has been noticed that the Irish clergy—for in Australia at the present day the Catholic clergy are mostly Irish, and of a very different stamp from the men who laboured to assist Bishops Wilson and Ullathorne, or that powerful and most gifted son of the Church, Archbishop Vaughan—are as active, and the Irish vote is cast as solidly, as in the most stirring times of previous contests.

It has been noticed, too, that the political sympathies of the clergy are

wide and incalculable. Only two years ago in New South Wales the Protectionists were a small body of Sydney artisans, most of whom were Protestants. Since that time Sir Henry Parkes, the author of the Education Act, pronounced strongly for Free Trade, and in two years every Irish member, with only one exception, has become a Protectionist, and nearly every Irish vote in the Colony is cast against Free Trade. In Victoria, where there are signs of a revival of Free Trade, the majority of Irishmen oppose Protection. In New South Wales the Irish clergy, under the influence of Cardinal Moran, are supporting the cause of temperance. In Victoria they have ostentatiously espoused the cause of the publicans. In Queensland the Irish party were the noisiest Nationalists; in New South Wales the only Imperialists we have are the leaders of the Irish Protectionist Party. The explanation of these suspicious alliances is easy. They are in every instance connected with the fight that the Catholic Church is making to upset the educational system. Nothing is any longer said about the Education Act; but the vote of the Church is given in every Colony in favour of whatsoever policy may chance to be that of the Opposition, in the hope that under the cover of silence a large number of members may be returned dependent upon Catholic support. Of course it is not denied that there are many Catholics, as there are many non-Catholics, who believe in Protection, or object to Local Option. What is held is, that it is contrary to all probability that Irishmen should give block votes upon these questions unless there were some ulterior object. As "The Age", a newspaper which has the largest circulation in Victoria, said in one of several leading articles on this subject:

It is not Catholicism as a form of the Christian religion which has to be guarded against, but the Roman Catholic Church as a political organization, employing

political modes to achieve a political end. That end is the acquisition by the Catholic priesthood of something like a million and a half of public funds, to be employed by them for educational purposes. If candidates would honestly declare to the electors that they sought admission to Parliament for the purpose of achieving that end, they would be listened to with respect, although the four-fifths of the people who are content to release the State from the duty of imparting religious instruction to their children and to assume it themselves would emphatically testify by their votes that they would not tolerate exceptional claims on the part of any sect. But a number of the candidates have not, we believe, honestly declared their sentiments, and are trying to creep into Parliament on the strength of popular issues, about which they themselves care very little.

This attitude of the Irish and Catholic party, which is also that of a section of the Anglican Church, foreshadows a great struggle with Clericalism. The wealth of the Catholic Church in Australia is enormous, and the Propaganda at Rome appears to be acting upon Canning's principle and really calling into existence a new world to recompense the Church for its declining power in Europe. Within the last seven years churches, schools, colleges, seminaries, nunneries, sisterhoods, and monastic orders have been founded or established in all the Australian Colonies, and are many of them under the control of Frenchmen, Italians, and Englishmen of exceptional ability, who present a marked contrast to the illiteracy of the ordinary country priest. In addition, large sums of money have been raised in Australia and granted by Rome for the purchase of land and the erection of buildings; and all this increase of power and improvement of organization has taken place while the other religious bodies are inactive and declining in authority. Nowhere is it more difficult than in a young country to forecast the future; but it seems plain from present indications that, unless some new and modifying influence asserts itself, the scene of the struggle between Church and Liberty

will be changed from France to Australia.

To turn however from speculation to the questions of the day. These are, in their order of importance, the settlement of the land, the preservation of commercial freedom, and the political relations between Australia and Great Britain. Some years ago I ventured to assert in these pages that the future of Australia for the next thirty years rested with the engineers. The recent discoveries of underground rivers in the most arid portions of the continent have given those words a greater significance. The difficulty of Australia has always been the fear that the land will not support a large population. These discoveries of water dispel that fear. It now appears that the volumes of rain which fall about once in five years over the greater part of the Australian continent, covering with floods the plains which for four years previously have not known more moisture than might be given in England by a good fall of dew, find their way through the porous soil into channels and chambers beneath the surface, where, at a depth of one or two thousand feet, they provide an inexhaustible store of the most precious commodity known to the Australian squatter. It is impossible to say at present how the use of these underground supplies of water may change the face of the Australian continent. The overflow from one bore, at a place called Kerribree, has already cut a channel of several feet in depth through the sand, and now forms a permanent river of several miles in length in what used to be an absolutely waterless country. It is only to be expected that as more water is brought to the surface, the clouds will take up more moisture by evaporation and the rainfall will increase. Then, with regular rainfall and inexhaustible tanks and creeks, even the Australian squatter might begin to be contented.

One effect this discovery of water is certain to have, and that before very

long. By opening the interior of the continent it will render possible direct trans-continental communication between Sydney and Port Darwin. If this road were constructed, what is virtually a new continent would be opened to English trade; while the trade between India and Australia would assume vast proportions. It is not even unreasonable to suppose that, when the line to Port Darwin and the line through the Euphrates valley are constructed, direct communication between Sydney and London could be made in eighteen days. Even at present, while the English syndicate that shall construct these lines is yet playing in the cradle with other toys than scrip and tools, the possibility of such developments suggests much to those who follow Australian affairs, and tends to lift our politics from the provincial category. The Land Question, in one form or another, comes up in every Parliament. How to reconcile the conflicting interests of the pastoral and agricultural classes, how to encourage settlement in the dry districts, how to provide for the extermination of pests both vegetable and animal, how to secure that the profit of State expenditure shall not pass entirely into the pockets of a few fortunate land-owners—these are all questions which would tax the highest administrative skill, and which have a true and permanent social importance.

Nor should the second of our great public questions be without attraction for all students of public affairs. New South Wales and Victoria have furnished the world with a great lesson in the merits of the rival fiscal policies of Freedom and Restriction. Starting together as Free Trade Colonies, Victoria, after twenty years of Freedom, adopted a policy of Commercial Restriction. At the time she made the change in 1866, she had every advantage over the older Colony. She was 200,000 ahead in population; she had 1,000,000*l.* a year more revenue; her external trade was 8,000,000*l.* a year larger; her area of cultivated land was

larger by 150,000 acres; she was the equal of New South Wales in shipping and far ahead of her in manufactures. Since 1866 the two Colonies have pursued their courses along the same lines in nearly all respects, except as to their fiscal policies. If anything, the conditions have been more favourable to Victoria than to New South Wales. The former has a compact, well-watered territory, with fertile land close to the sea-board and to the markets. New South Wales has a wide expanse of territory exposed to periodic droughts, with nearly all the good land lying at a distance of two hundred miles from the sea-board. Victoria had a political disturbance in 1876, but since that time has been singularly well governed. New South Wales has been exposed to the worst and most protracted drought known in this century, a drought which has lasted with varying degrees of intensity for seven years, and during which eight millions of sheep perished from starvation in a single year. These two disturbances may fairly be set off one against the other. In other respects the Colonies have had the same means of progress, though Victoria was able to use them earlier. Taking the period between 1866 and 1888 there is no great difference between the two Colonies in the expenditure on public works of monies received from the sale of Crown lands and from loans; for, although in the totals New South Wales seems to have received from these sources about eight million pounds more than Victoria, she has not had over the whole period the use of so much as her southern neighbour. Victoria both borrowed money and sold her lands earlier than New South Wales, and so has had the same advantage over her of using a larger amount of public money than an individual would have, who had borrowed 100*l.* a year for ten years, over another who in the tenth year borrowed 1,500*l.*, having in the preceding nine years borrowed nothing. Further, Victoria has had the advant-

age in the character of her population, which has always been marked by greater energy. This may be owing to climatic influences, but is more probably to be attributed to the fact that the gold-fields attracted to Victoria the flower of British youth and energy. In mineral produce Victoria has out-paced New South Wales, the gold yield alone being greater by many millions in value than the total quantity of minerals of all sorts, including coal, produced in New South Wales. This state of things is now being altered and New South Wales is beginning to pass Victoria in mineral production.

The conditions of the comparison are thus considerably in favour of Victoria, yet what is the result? Victoria, who when she was a Free Trade Colony was in everything which indicates material progress ahead of New South Wales, has been steadily falling behind in the race since she adopted Protection. In 1866 the Victorian revenue was one million *more*, in 1888 it was one million *less*, than that of New South Wales. In 1866 the imports into Victoria were valued at five millions more than those into New South Wales: last year the imports into Victoria only exceeded those into New South Wales by one million. In 1866 the exports from Victoria were valued at three millions more than those from New South Wales: last year they were seven millions *less*. In 1866 under Free Trade Victoria had already a considerable manufacturing industry, whereas New South Wales could hardly be spoken of as a manufacturing Colony. Yet in 1887 New South Wales employed in her manufacturing industries 45,783 hands out of a population of a million, with a machinery of 26,152 horse-power, while Victoria employed 45,773 with a machinery of 21,018 horse-power, showing a surplus in favour of New South Wales—small it is true, but still a surplus. In only one respect has Victoria advanced more rapidly than New South Wales—namely in agriculture. In this respect she has increased the lead over New

South Wales which she possessed in 1866. She has increased her cultivation five-fold, while New South Wales has increased hers barely three-fold. But in the face of the protracted drought in the latter Colony, and the superior adaptability of Victorian soil to agriculture, increase in this respect cannot outweigh the testimony of decline given by other facts. It is impossible indeed to resist the conclusion that the progress of one Colony has been hampered by Protection, while the progress of the other has been furthered by Free Trade. Should good seasons return, and the affairs of the country be carefully and economically managed, there is no fear that New South Wales will give up the policy under which her progress has been so phenomenal; and should there be any reaction in England in favour of a restrictive policy, she may yet play the part of the nurturing daughter and keep alive the mother of her Freedom by the support of her example.

The third great question in Australian politics is that which has come forward for the first time at the last general election in Queensland, namely the relations between Great Britain and the self-governing Colonies. For the first time in Australian history Nationalism has become a party cry. The precise aims of the Nationalists and the actual modifications of the existing relations which they desire have not been clearly defined, and it may be questioned whether the party really represents anything more than a vague sentiment of opposition to the extravagant claims of the Imperialists. It is quite certain that as a party it owes its existence in Australia to the noisy demonstrations of delight in England over the despatch of the Soudan contingent, and to the exaggerated estimate of the political significance of the Naval Defences Bill. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the wisdom of despatching a military force from Australia to the Soudan, all parties



seem agreed that such an act will never be repeated; while it is certain that no responsible ministry of an Australian Colony—not even that of Victoria, where the Imperialist feeling is strongest—has taken the same view of the Naval Defences Act which has been taken in England. That measure, which Lord Carnarvon, Sir Charles Dilke, and the British Press regard as an expression of the determination of Australians to contribute to the support of the naval power of the British Empire, is universally regarded in Australia simply as a measure of coastal defence. The several Australian Parliaments have consented to contribute to the expenses of the British squadron, because they have been led to believe that this is the most economical method of preserving their own shores from hostile attack. It is probable—at least the speeches of prominent English public men give colour to the idea—that the intention of the British Government in submitting this bill to the Australian Parliaments was different, and that the British-Australian squadron may be used in time of war for the protection of British sea-borne commerce. If this be the intention of the British Government, it cannot be too plainly asserted that the Australian tax-payer regards the sea-borne commerce of England as an English concern, and believes that in time of war his wants could be supplied by other nations, and his exports carried safely under the shelter of a neutral flag. When such sentiments are prevalent in Australia, it is surely injudicious on the part of Englishmen who value national union to over-estimate the importance of the recent legislative sanction to the contribution of Australian money to the maintenance of an English squadron on the Australian coast. It is certain that the view taken in England of this transaction had a marked effect in raising opposition to the measure in

Queensland. The Colonies are not prepared to enter into “a partnership with England in the toils and glories of empire”; and the less the obligation to do so is spoken of or enforced, the better the chance of preserving national union. It may be perfectly true that as a part of the British dominion we cannot escape bearing our share of national burdens; but it is highly undesirable to remind a mass of unthinking and ill-informed voters of this disagreeable fact until one is prepared with a practical plan of relief. The appearance of the Nationalist party in Australian politics will not be without benefit to England, if it serves as a wholesome warning against injudicious and fantastic schemes of union. Organic questions ought not to be raised except in cases of necessity; and the doctrinaires and busybodies who force them before the prosaic and peace-loving voter in Australia are doing more harm to the cause of union than they can be aware of. No doubt the motive of such persons is good, and it is therefore perhaps ungenerous to criticize their conduct harshly. Let them confine their efforts to making Australia and other Colonies known to Englishmen and they will be rendering a real public service. The way to consolidate the scattered dominions of the Queen is to diffuse information, so that the importance of every part may be universally appreciated. It cannot be expected that Englishmen should follow Colonial affairs with close interest, but they might know more about them than they do. They ought to recognize that Australian politics are worthy of attention, not only because of their bearing upon English interests, but because of their intrinsic political importance. If this article should help in any way to that end, its purpose will be amply realized.

B. R. WISE.

SYDNEY, *March*, 1889.

## THE NEMESIS OF SENTIMENTALISM.

SAINTE-BEUVE, it is well known, signalized "Madame Bovary" as the herald of a new spirit in literature. Of this spirit he thought he detected symptoms all around him; science, the spirit of observation, maturity, strength, a touch of hardness; "Anatomists and physiologists," he concludes, "I meet you on all sides". That was thirty years ago. The world has had enough and to spare since then, in fiction and elsewhere, of anatomy and physiology. Among other manifestations, what Lord Tennyson has called Zolaism has gathered to a head, soon to burst, some hope, and pass away. Flaubert is still by many regarded as one of the high priests of Zolaism, or rather perhaps as one of the prophets to prepare the way for the full revelation of Zolaism, who desired to see the things that we see. M. Zola was a personal friend of Flaubert, and claimed for his own work the benefit of the prestige of Flaubert's name and fame. He has found Flaubert worthy of a place in the apostolical succession from Stendhal down to himself, the reigning pope.

Flaubert himself protested, so far as it lay in his proud and reserved nature to protest, against this enforced consecration. While recognizing and encouraging the early promise of his younger friends, M. Zola, M. Daudet and the brothers Goncourt, he resented George Sand's labelling them as his "school". These friends of his, he pleaded, laboured for what he despised, and were at small pains about that which with himself was the object of tormenting search. The word is not a whit too strong for what Mr. Pater has called Flaubert's martyrdom for style. For himself, he regarded as of very secondary importance technical detail, local information, in short, the historical and literal aspect of things.

His supreme aim was beauty, for which his fellow-workers displayed but scant zeal. It is interesting to know, and to know from his own lips, that he shared with Tourguéneff neither his severity towards "Jack" nor the immensity of his admiration for "Son Excellence Rougon": one, in his opinion, had charm, the other strength, but neither one nor other was mainly pre-occupied with what for him was the end of art—with beauty. He muses rather sadly, how difficult it is for us to understand one another. Here were two men, whom he was very fond of, both, in his judgment, true artists—Tourguéneff and Zola. Yet all the same they in no wise admired Chateaubriand's prose, and still less Gautier's. They saw nothing in phrases which filled him with rapture.

In a word, then, so far from regarding himself as the founder of this new school, Flaubert in his own eyes was rather the last of the Romantics. In his letters to George Sand he was fond of calling himself *votre vieux romantique*. Hugo, Chateaubriand, Gautier were gods of his idolatry. He couples himself with Gautier as a survivor from an earlier age. In those sad days after 1870, Gautier in Paris, if still a god, was a god in exile. There were new religions in art. "Poor Théo", sighs Flaubert, "no one now speaks his language. We are fossils stranded and out of place in a new world". We find him again in those later years complaining that men of letters were so little men of letters in his sense. There was hardly any one save Hugo left, with whom he could talk of things that interested him. One day Hugo quoted to him some passages from Boileau and Tacitus; it was as if he had received a present, Flaubert said, so rare had the thing become.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this, Sainte-Beuve being a looker on, perhaps

in some sense saw best how the game was going. Flaubert had undeniably more in common with this new world than he would seem to have been himself aware. If he was a Romantic, his Romanticism was at all events not the Romanticism of 1830; he wore his scarlet waistcoat with a very decided difference. There is more science, more observation, in a sense more maturity; there is none of the froth and exuberance of 1830. But with the exuberance are gone also the *elan* and the charm of youth of the early Romantics. It is Romanticism grown old, which has outlived not only the follies of youth, but also its *insouciance*, its vigorous spontaneousness, its faith and enthusiasm. There was only one thing he wanted, he said, but that was a thing not to be had for the asking—an enthusiasm of some sort. In playful seriousness, he signs one letter *Directeur des Dames de la Désillusion*. Disenchantment is the secret at once of his bitterness and his force. If the beautiful Aladdin's palace of romantic art be only a phantom palace of magic, he will steadfastly fix his disenchanted gaze on the barren site, left more barren by the flight of the past splendour. But his soul still yearns for the beauty of it, and the old enchantment has thus much sway over his imagination still, that the remembered glory dwarfs and makes drearier the natural landscape. Disenchantment is the Nemesis of the tricks which romance is apt to play with fact. There is a beauty which includes fact, which is beyond and above fact. That is the sphere where Shakespeare dwells—not alone. But there is also a beauty which lies by the side of fact. The weaker impulse of romance is tempted sometimes to shrink from the roughness of the way and to turn aside into By-Path Meadow; and thereby fails to attain to the Beulah of poetic truth. Rightly enjoyed, By-Path Meadow need prove no primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. Like that other meadow which lay upon the banks of the river of

water of life, the meadow beautiful with lilies and green all the year round, where Christian and Hopeful lay down and slept, its sunlit flowers may afford rest and recreation from the dust and heat of the main road of life. But those who mistake it for the highway may find themselves astray. Vain Confidence seeking by this path the Celestial Gate is apt to fall into the deep pit which is on purpose there made by the prince of these grounds to catch vainglorious fools withal, and to be dashed to pieces by his fall. Some nobler souls the path may lead, as it led Christian and his companion, as it led Flaubert, to a sojourn in the dungeons of the Giant Despair. A strong Shakespeare absorbs and supersedes the weaker romance, gives us poetry, which is at once more real and more romantic than the romances in vogue before his day. Yet even Shakespeare, before attaining to the ripe graciousness of Prospero, had perhaps his fleeting mood of Timon. And from his great contemporary Cervantes the romances drew a spirit, which was only not bitter irony, because it was first of all pitying humour. In the case of Flaubert the spirit of observation, married to his early Romanticism, begot, alas! no Shakesperean offspring, no radiant romance of reality. The offspring is disillusion, with bitter and mordant irony.

For all but the strongest natures the romance which is primarily picturesque is a delightful playground, but a bad school. Naturally so, because it was never meant for a school to learn the discipline of life in. For the experienced, for the worker, for the weary, romance is pure blessing. For inexperience and youth the blessing is not without its danger. Thus much foundation at all events Plato had for the severity of his famous judgment. After the glowing colour and deep shadows of picturesque romance, the work-day world is in danger of appearing too dull and gray; after its passions and heroisms and

adventures the common round is in danger of appearing stale and unprofitable. "My life," wrote Flaubert when about eighteen years old, "which I had dreamed was to be so full of beauty and poetry and love, will be like the rest, circumscribed, monotonous, reasonable, stupid. I shall read for the law, I shall get admitted; and then, for a fit sequel, I shall go and live in some small provincial town like Yvetot or Dieppe with a post of *substitut* or *procureur du roi*."

Emma Ronault's girlhood was nourished on sentimental religion and romance. Her first dream was of a life of ascetic ecstasy; her next, a dream of a life of love and passion. The actual life that destiny had in store for her was a life to be dragged out by the side of poor blundering Charles Bovary in the blank monotony of Tostes and Yonville l'Abbaye. Emma's sentiment was false; how false, is pitilessly shown once for all in the awed reverence she accords to the senile and slobbering Duc de Laverdière because he had been once the lover of a queen. Yet there is pity in the breast of the reader, more pity, as Sainte-Beuve observes, than is in the breast of the author, for the beautiful sentimental girl set in this prison of stupidity and humdrum. Her life is the tragedy of disillusion, from unhappy marriage to unhappier sin, from sin to suicide. In spite of disillusion Emma is Emma to the last. Her suicide is as much a bit of sentimentality as her sin; and under the very shadow of the great final disillusion, she presses her dying lips to the crucifix with the most passionate kiss of her whole life.

For a generation Romanticism had been dreaming sentimental dreams of passion set free from the prose of ordinary restraints. The novel of "Madame Bovary" was the cruel, inevitable awakening. Flaubert's irony was the appointed scourge for the immoral sentimentality of French romance. This is the justification, if justification

there can be, for a nakedness in certain scenes which is abhorrent to English taste, abhorrent to all true taste. It is not only, as even in his rebuke Sainte-Beuve admits, that the picture of vice is not alluring, that the author neither sympathises nor condones. The true plea is that the stripping of romance from vice is an essential part of the artistic motive. Circe's swine must contemplate in the unflattering mirror of truth the naked deformity of their swinishness. Thus only were the bewitched to be disenchanted. It was one of the humours of the Second Empire to greet "Madame Bovary" with a criminal prosecution. It was whimsical, and yet a course not difficult to understand, to spare Circe and to punish Ulysses.

Emma Bovary entered upon life with all the illusions of romance. She visited the bitterness of her disillusion on the head of her doting husband, who anticipated Mr. Casaubon's trick of making a noise over his soup.

Flaubert, who had entered upon life in the glow of Romanticism, visited his disenchantment upon the provincial life about him. With a touch of pathetic comedy he has told us in his preface to his friend Bouilhet's "Dernières Chansons" of the dreams of himself and his companions in their college days; of their superb extravagance, the last waves of Romanticism reaching them in the provinces, and making the more violent commotion in their brains, because hemmed in by the barriers of provincial conventionality. They used to be mediæval, insurrectionary, oriental; carried daggers in their pockets and so forth. Foolish enough, no doubt, and in no wise laudable, Flaubert admits, but what hatred of commonplace! what reverence for genius! how we admired Victor Hugo! From sheer disgust with the contrast of plain existence, one of his companions, he tells us, blew his brains out, another hanged himself in his neckkerchief. Flaubert took another way; he wrote "Madame Bovary". He avenged himself at one blow on hated

commonplace and betraying Romanticism.

His aim, however, was neither to satirize nor to moralize. Dissection, even, was in his judgment a form of vengeance, and he conceived that he had no call or claim to be a minister of vengeance. His aim was simply to present the truth, to get to the soul of things, to reach and abide by what is essential in life. Of set purpose he turned his back on the accidental and dramatic. *Pas de monstres*, he exclaims, *et pas de héros*. No monsters and no heroes, that is a far cry from 1830 and Victor Hugo. Looked at closer it is not so far as it at first appears. It is really the next step, the step of reaction. After a certain amount of them, the mind fails to take seriously the theatricality of monsters and heroes. Then for a season the only reality that can pass itself off for real is the normal, the average, the unheroic. Flaubert's aim was simply to present life as it is. He succeeded to a miracle in presenting life as he saw it with eyes from which had just dropped the coloured glasses of Romanticism. Life, unhappily, is only too full of monsters and monstrosities; the boon of a free Press does not allow us to forget them for a moment. Life has, too, Heaven be praised for it, its heroisms beyond the skill of romance to surpass, its heroes from Gordon to Alice Ayres. No monsters and no heroes,—that is not reality. It is but the reality visible in the reaction from romance. It is the art of disillusion.

But with Flaubert it is art. That is the important point for literary criticism. It is not "naturalism". It is not the complacent copying of commonplace; nor is it a scraping with a muck-rake for the muck's sake. We know from M. Guy de Maupassant, who served a literary apprenticeship with him, that Flaubert, in spite of his great friendship for M. Zola and his great admiration for his vigorous talent, never forgave him his naturalism. Flaubert, caustically remarks

his talented disciple, was no mere Realist because he observed life with care any more than M. Cherbuliez is an Idealist because he observes life badly. Art, ideal as it necessarily is, cannot do without observation, but its kingdom cometh not with observation alone. It penetrates to the spirit and reveals the significance of the things observed. "*Madame Bovary*" is art by its intensity of vision, by its inevitableness, by its style. It is a vision of a certain order of life, penetrating, essential and complete, told in incomparable language. So unerring, so convincing is the truth of the vision, so entirely is it without the ornament, the surprises, the bending and trimming of fact, which had been customary in romance, that it is little wonder that the cry has been raised, whether for praise or blame,—"*This is not art; this is life itself.*" The cry is intelligible, but it is a very ambiguous piece of praise. In "*Anna Karenine*," there is an episode, which according to Mr. Matthew Arnold, turns out to import absolutely nothing, and to be introduced solely to give the author the pleasure of telling us that all Levine's shirts had been packed up. "*Look,*" says Mr. Arnold in effect. "*It leads to nothing. That is how things happen in life. This is not art; this is a piece of life itself.*" No, it is not a piece of life itself. It is only rather poor art. It falls between the two stools of reality and real art. Between life and a book there must always remain a great gulf fixed. To merely copy in art the apparently meaningless, anomalous, or unintelligible things of life, on the plea that such things do actually exist, is to mistake the whole aim and scope of art. Many able writers, no doubt, in order to cheat the reader into taking their story for matter of fact, have employed the device of putting in bits of unnecessary information. It is a trick as old as Defoe. Flaubert's method is the exact contrary. He is real by piercing to the essence of things, by selecting the necessary and inevitable in life.



No ordinary life to ordinary eyes was ever so natural as Emma Bovary's, so free from surprises and accidents. It is life, but life pictured in the seer's vision of fate. The dulness and humdrum of life are so seized by art that they are no longer dull and humdrum, but have become poignant tragedy, searching our hearts with pity and terror. And with all its accuracy of observation, and all its science, the heaven of Romanticism is present and active. Thence that wonderful prose fashioned by Flaubert with incredible effort out of the resources bequeathed by Chateaubriand and Gautier, with its sound, its colour, its fastidious use of an abounding vocabulary, Thence the vivid beauty of the pictures which detach themselves from the narrative and have the distinction and distinctness of fine painting. Thence the perpetual beating as of an unresolved discord between experience and aspiration, every dissonance in the inevitable progression of suspended discords gaining its poignancy from its suggestion of the full romantic chord.

Sainte-Beuve quarrels with this persistent poignancy of dissonance as at once a flaw in art, and a failure in truth. That it is not the whole truth has already been insisted on. No doubt even Tostes and Yonville l'Abbaye might have yielded something better than the uniform unloveliness of Emma's surroundings, some beautiful soul, some charm of first love or glory of self-sacrifice. George Sand, who with consistently Rousseau-like sentiment had passed from singing the woes of the *femme incomprise* to painting village idylls, was likewise offended by the unvarying bitterness of Flaubert's tone; and urged him to turn his unrivalled vision in a similar direction. Flaubert admired George Sand's work heartily, unaffectedly, without reservation. But these idylls he must leave to her. She charmed, but she did not convince. He must convince, and he felt that he could never convince with the rose-coloured

village idyll. He was a critical master of method. He divined that happy accident, convenient coincidence, consoling conversion of character, all the things which go to make up the very essence of the charm of romance, are out of place in that novel of ordinary life, which as the fundamental element of its artistic effect seeks first of all to convince. From his standpoint and for his purposes, they were part of that accidental and dramatic on which he must resolutely turn his back. It was not enough that his incident might have happened, he must tie himself down to the things that must have happened. Balzac has somewhere a saying to the effect, that the actual happening of unlikely things is the only excuse for their unlikelihood; and that accordingly in fiction where there can be no actual happening, unlikely things are without excuse. This is a saying that has no application to romance. Romance convinces by pleasing; in it the wildest improbability justifies itself by beauty and imaginative propriety. But "Madame Bovary" must please by convincing. Of the axiom of art contained in Balzac's saying, "Madame Bovary" is a more perfect illustration than any story of Balzac's own, more perfect even than "Eugénie Grandet".

Flaubert, too, coming quite at the end of the stir of Romanticism, was addressing an audience which had been gluttoned with the romantic. Beauty, strength, prowess, heroism, striking incident and intricate situation had all come to be regarded as so much stock-property of romance; and, to a taste grown critical and scientific after a surfeit of romance, were tainted with something of romantic unreality. Art less inexorable than "Madame Bovary" would have been in danger of appearing sentimental, or merely pretty or picturesque. So Flaubert denied himself things beautiful and engaging in themselves. The solitary exception is the physical beauty of Emma; and this exception is as significant as the rule. In

romance the beauty of woman is a spell and a power. It dominates, bewitches, maddens, consoles, inspires, glorifies. It is a counterpoise to the power of princes, stronger than the policy of statesmen. Kings kneel to it, heroes live and die for it. That is the kind of sway Emma would love to dream of; and her beauty served but to procure for her two heartless and vulgar intrigues with a soulless libertine and a pusillanimous sentimentalist. Through all her life the shadow of sordid evil is on her beauty; and after the dreadful death, we are forced to sit beside the corpse through the watches of the night, to mark that this beauty, too, was an illusion that must pass, and with shrinking eyes to observe it under the befouling touch of dissolution.

So again in the matter of incident. After the intoxicating wealth of incident in romance, Flaubert is temperate to the verge of total abstinence. In romance the seemingly most trivial occurrence leads infallibly, through devious and delightful ways, to death or victory. A face seen by chance in a crowd is certain to reappear in the crisis of your fate. One glance from a pair of bright eyes, and you find yourself entangled hand and foot in inextricable and far-reaching threads of crime or conspiracy. A hasty word to a stranger in a tavern, and your humble destiny is interwoven with the plots and passions of queen and cardinal. Wanderings about strange streets and into unknown houses always lead to something fateful,—a glimpse of a girl to be followed and sought thenceforward amid danger and intrigue through mazes of entrancing mystery, or the awakening of some malignant enmity never thereafter to cease to haunt your path. And the infinite delight of it all! Only unfortunately things do not happen so at Tostes or Yonville l'Abbaye; or if they did, the critical reader would want for it something better than the bare word of the novelist. When Emma goes to the

ball at the Château, the scent of the old romance-reader sniffs a plot at last. When she enters with alacrity upon her first flirtation, his nose is down on the trail,—to come to a prompt check, however. The aristocratic admirer of the night before rides by as she is on her way homeward; and they never meet again. That is not how meetings end in romance. Yet in this meeting there was a fatefulness so awful in its implacable necessity, that beside it the fate of romance is but a playing at fate. The man who flirted with her perhaps never gave her another thought; perhaps recollected his passing attentions as a meritorious act of good-nature to the pretty woman who seemed to know no one of all the company. And he had given a human soul the little determining push over the edge of the inclined plain, down which it must slide through sin and degradation to the self-inflicted death by poison. So it is with the rest of what we must call the incidents of the novel, such as the removal to Yonville, or the first platonic philandering with Léon. This is the only species of incident that Flaubert allows himself. Striking incident or coincidence would savour of the accidental, would awake suspicion of arrangement of artifice. His incidents must be necessary and inevitable. They can therefore have no decorative or romantic beauty; their interest is purely tragic; they are but moments in the unfolding of fate in the soul of Emma Bovary.

It is assuredly a sombre and pitiless story; but the truth was that for Flaubert's epoch the satisfying charm of the simpler cadences had been lost by over-much familiarity. No idyllic prettiness of presentation could bring before the mind with the force of Flaubert's irony the romance and passion possible to the dullest human life. Upon her return from the famous ball, the stamp of middle class which was on her husband and her home, the total lack of the style for which she yearned, were to Emma irritating,

intolerable, nauseating. And by her side her fond, awkward husband is rubbing his hands with satisfaction at finding himself at home again. Or again later, when Emma has fallen lower, Bovary, returning in the middle of the night from a visit to a patient, is afraid to awake his wife. By the flickering light of the china night-lamp he sees dimly the closed white curtains of his little daughter's cot by the bedside. He thinks he hears her light breathing, and straightway falls to making plans for her future. He sees the little thing gradually growing up into a girl, into a woman. He will save money and take a little farm in the country. How happy they will be, they three together! When she is fifteen she will be beautiful like her mother, and will wear large straw hats in the summer, so that the two will look like sisters in the distance. And then some good fellow will be found to marry her; he will make her happy; it will go on like that always. But Emma is not really asleep; she, too, is dreaming her dream. She has fled with her lover to some strange, new country whence they will never return. They wander and wander silent, entwined in each other's arms. From mountain tops they catch glimpses of foreign-looking towns, with domes, and bridges, and ships, and forests of citron trees, and cathedrals of white marble; or they stand amidst the mingled sounds of bells, and the neighing of mules, and the murmur of guitars, and the splash of fountains, with statues gleaming under their veil of water, the spray sprinkling the fruit piled at their feet; or they are entering a fishing-village in the evening, where the brown nets are drying in the wind along the cliff in front of the huts—somewhere away from this home and this husband in the picturesque realms of romance. And romance, which would have been no dream, lay at her feet in poor Yonville l'Abbaye, only blinded and perverted by the false romantic, she passed it by, and could not see it.

With motherhood might have come the real bliss and glory, which only begin where the romance of art leaves off; the village idyll is no fiction of literature. Nay the climax of the husband's blundering incapacity, the day of his deepest humiliation, might have been the wife's supreme triumph. There was amongst the Bovarys' acquaintance in Yonville l'Abbaye a man named Homais, an apothecary, a typical specimen of the provincial scientific smatterer. He gets his opinions and his knowledge ready-made from Parisian journals; and finds a vent for his self-importance in writing letters to the local prints. He reads in a medical paper of a new surgical operation for club-feet. There was a stable-boy at the village inn with a club-foot, and forthwith he scents a promising scheme of self-advertisement. He writes paragraphs to air his knowledge, hinting that Yonville l'Abbaye is not so far behind Paris in matters scientific and surgical as it is the fashion to suppose. He understands that their clever townsman, M. Bovary, is likely to undertake this famous operation. Unhappy doctor! unhappy cripple! they shrink both equally from the experiment. The boy, having been club-footed from birth was accustomed to his lot, and dreaded the pain and danger; Bovary knew in his heart that he was but a bungler in far less critical operations. Both victims flutter against their fate in vain. The boy is taunted with cowardice, cajoled with flattering promises of straight limbs and maidens' smiles. Bovary, sick at heart with nervous dread, is urged forward by Homais and the talk Homais has evoked. But it is his wife who binds him to the stake. Her romantic sentiment is aroused; if her husband were to become a celebrity, she might almost like him. The operation is performed. After a deceitful appearance of success followed by a sickening interval of suspense, mortification sets in. Another surgeon has to be sent for, and the limb has to

be amputated. Bovary dares not cross the threshold of his house; he cowers inside, his head on his breast, his hands clasped, his eyes fixed; the screams of the boy reach him from across the narrow street. In his misery he turns to his wife for comfort, and she repulses him with passionate contempt. The pain of it all is almost more than we can bear. But with what force the dissonance suggests the might-have-been, the glorious harmony of a true home and true wifehood! Picture the scene with a pitying, comforting, loving wife: the world outside indignant, contemptuous, cruel; inside, husband and wife and love. If, even after her struggles and temptations and sins, Emma had had that grace of womanhood and wifehood left in her to be stirred by this bitter suffering and had flung her arms about the man, and bidden the bruised spirit sob itself to rest upon her bosom; even then the seven devils had come out of her, and she had won a crown of everlasting glory. Love had turned the mean surroundings, the stupidity, the suffering, to "a blaze of joy and a crash of song."

The episode of the club-foot has been put in the fore-front of their objections by friends and foes. It has been criticized as a piece of naturalism, as mere ugliness, as but an occasion to indulge in description of painful and unnecessary detail. Flaubert's method of setting everything before the reader as distinct and vivid as language will make it, is, of course, open to serious criticism, when he has to treat of things which are physically or morally revolting. Whether in this episode

the artist has wrung music out of the dissonance, whether out of the strong he has succeeded in bringing forth a strange, new, bitter sweet—that is a question upon which taste may be expected to always differ. But it is not naturalism, it is not mere ugliness. It is an integral part of the spiritual tragedy, the fatal triumph of half science and false sentiment; it is the revealing instance to exhibit Emma's heart, that was a living heart once, morally paralyzed by indulged sentimentality. And it is a turning-point in the action. It is this last revelation of her husband's uninteresting incapacity, which urges her tottering soul to its final plunge to perdition.

"Moralist, you know everything, but you are cruel." It is in these words that Sainte-Beuve apostrophizes the creator of "Madame Bovary." Cruelty there is in his unrelenting irony, cruelty born of the bitterness of disillusion towards the commonplace, but cruelty chiefly towards sentimentality and ignorant self-conceit. And knowledge there is deep, wide, minute. And a moral there is, as there must always be in any true picture of life; a moral, guiltless as Flaubert is of seeking to enforce a moral, almost painful in its force. But first and last, there is art: art in the intensity of vision that pierces beneath the surface of fact; art in the note of tragedy, the inevitable march of fate; art in the scrupulous avoidance of everything not essential to the idea; art in the impersonal directness of presentation; art in the style.

W. P. J.

## THE HILL-TRIBES OF CHITTAGONG.

THE military expedition sent by the Indian Government against the tribes who dwell in the hill-country between Chittagong and Burmah has made an effective beginning of its work. It has opened roads into the hills, and established fortified posts at the dominating points of communication. The column has advanced into the enemy's country and has destroyed the stockades of the chiefs who were specially inculpated in the late raids on the plains of Chittagong. The avenging force has now stayed its hand for the present. A proclamation has been issued exhorting the hill-men to submit themselves to British authority, and they have been told that whatever happens a military expedition will be despatched in November to march over the hills into Burmah. It is very much to be hoped that the tribes may see the wisdom of tendering their submission before it is too late. They have neither the strength nor the heart to resist the British power. I will now venture to record something of my own experiences with these mountaineers dating back more than forty years ago, to show that they have not always been unmanageable or unreasonable in their dealings with us.

I will try to dispense as much as possible with hard Indian names. The Bengalis, who dwell in the plains, used to call all the hill-men by the name of Kookees. On further acquaintance we learnt to distinguish them as being divided into Kookees, Looshais, and Shindoos. But these distinctions were, I think, devised by the tribes as much for their own convenience as for anything else. If there was any raid or foray from the hills, and we taxed the Kookees with it, they said, "Please sir, it was not our doing; it was some of those wicked Looshais": and then

if we asked for satisfaction from the Looshais, they replied that it was none of their doing, but that the Shindoos must have been the offenders. To my fancy, these hill-tribes were all very much tarred with the same brush. If this had not been so, we might have been able to employ one tribe to punish the other; and we might have decimated the warriors of the contending tribes by some such policy as that which led to the immortal combat between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele.

My first introduction to the hill-men was in this wise. In December, 1845, there had been a Kookee raid on one of the villages in the south of Chittagong, when twenty persons were killed, and as many more men, with numerous women and children, were carried off into captivity in the hills. One morning on going to the little court-house, where I sat as an assistant-magistrate, I found a large crowd at the door. They were staring at four big hill-men, heavily fettered and handcuffed, and guarded by policemen with drawn swords. I found a letter from the district-magistrate directing me to hold the preliminary trial of these men, who were charged with having been concerned in the raid just mentioned. The police reported that the prisoners had been apprehended by a friendly frontier-chief as they were returning to the fastnesses of their native hills.

The four men were placed before me, and I wished to get them to plead guilty or not guilty. But they did not understand a word that was said to them. The language of my court was Bengali, and my native clerks knew no other tongue. There was a court-interpreter who spoke Burmese, which is called Mughee in Chittagong,



but the prisoners did not understand what he said. At last we got hold of a man who knew both Burmese and the Kookee language, and so we opened communication with the prisoners. It was a tedious process. I took notes in English of the questions put and answers given. I spoke Bengali to my clerk, and he passed it on to the Mughee interpreter, who could not understand my classical Bengali: the interpreter communicated it to the Kookee, whom we had impressed for the occasion; and so eventually it got to the accused, whilst their answers came back through the same round-about channel. I was very young and zealous, and in the intervals of interpretation took sketches of the prisoners, with their broad faces and flat noses and Tartar eyes, and masses of hair rolled up on their heads, like the Thracians of Homer. Eventually it came out that these men had been sent in as having confessed their guilty share in the raid, and they were expected to repeat their confession to me. But meanwhile something had happened; the special interpreter, who had been sent in with the prisoners, had been taken ill on the journey and could not appear. It would have been his business to interpret the prisoners' statements as confessions of guilt, and we should not have been able to detect him. But the improvised Kookee interpreter who talked Burmese, not having been primed for the occasion, very innocently repeated what the accused men really said, which was that they did not know anything about the crime imputed to them.

This was a grave interruption to the course of justice, according to the ideas of the native police. When I examined the Bengali witnesses for the prosecution, who were supposed to be the survivors that had fled from the village when it was raided, I found that they all deposed, with perfect confidence, to the identification of each of the prisoners, although they had never seen them before in their

lives, and never stopped for a moment to look at them. Of course, inexperienced as I was, I was not to be misled by such incredible evidence; and after a long day's work at the case, I sent up my notes with a report to the magistrate recommending that the accused should be released. The magistrate had left his office, so they had to be taken to jail for the night.

The next day the magistrate ordered the prisoners to be released; and as I had taken so much interest in the case I went to the jail to see that their fetters were knocked off and their handcuffs removed, for the police had suggested to me that this could not be done with safety until these formidable savages had been returned to the frontier-chief who had apprehended them. But when the poor fellows, who had never before seen a white face, found that I was taking an active part in their deliverance, they soon showed that they valued my kindness, and made several attempts to say something. I again got hold of my Kookee interpreter and, after a long struggle with our linguistic difficulties, I elicited the story that these men were Kookees, who had come down to trade about an elephant at Bunderaban, the residence of the Mugh frontier-chief, styled the Phroo. They had first been plundered by the Phroo's people, and then found themselves put in irons and sent in to Chittagong, with the intimation that they would be hung without benefit of clergy. The Phroo thought he had thus done a great stroke of business, for he had first plundered his Kookee enemies, and had then offered them up as a peace-offering to the English Government, who wanted to punish some one for the raid. I tried to make some compensation to the poor men for what they had undergone; and though I never set eyes on them again, I believe that they went home with the impression that a white man was not such a demon as they had been told. It may be that the sons or grandsons of these

men are among the hostile tribes who are now arrayed against us. I can only remember their ugly but smiling faces when they had been brought to my house that my wife might see them. They went away delighted with the present of some tobacco and some paltry strings of glass beads for the adornment of their wives and children; and for some reason or other unknown to us there were no more Kookee raids in the south part of the district for some time.

Two or three years afterwards, about 1848, I had temporary charge of the district of Chittagong as magistrate. One afternoon as I was leaving my office there was a great hubbub among the people, and I found that some policemen had just arrived with six corpses, which were the headless bodies of some villagers who had been killed in a Kookee raid, at a place only about thirty miles due east of the station near the banks of the Chittagong river. The raid had occurred two days previously, and the native police-inspector had sent in a long report that he had been to the village and found the dead bodies, and that the rest of the inhabitants—men, women, and children—had been carried off by the Kookees up the Chuktai-Nullah, a tributary of the Chittagong river. I consulted the officer commanding the native troops at the station, but he was unable to let me have any of his men without orders from the general of division, which it would take several days to obtain. So I determined to set off at once with such feeble forces as I could raise, six men, to wit, armed with old Tower muskets from the jail-guard and my own guns and rifles, to see if we could rescue any of the people who had been carried off. We embarked in the guard-boat, and a strong tide carried us rapidly up the river to the raided village, which was a scene of misery and desolation. Then we pushed on as far as the tide would serve us, until a dense fog compelled us to stop for the night. The next day we rowed

on again till we reached the mouth of the Chuktai-Nullah, where we came upon traces of the raiders, as they had left behind them the decapitated bodies of a young man and a girl, who had either attempted to escape or had broken down with fatigue. My companions were rather dismayed at the unpleasant sight, and would gladly have stopped. But I insisted on going up the Nullah for the chance of finding some others of the captives who might have escaped into the jungle. The water in the Nullah was so shallow that we had to leave the guard-boat and proceed in small canoes or dug-outs, which we impressed. We made very slow progress over the boulders and shallows, and again a heavy fog came on and stopped us altogether. This was perhaps fortunate for us, for when we began to creep on the next morning through the fog, we heard voices, and suddenly found ourselves close to the raiders and their prisoners, whom they were dragging along up a steep path over the hills. I use the word dragging, because each of the poor captives was secured by a sort of rope, made of jungle-creepers, which was passed through a gash cut under the *tendon Achilles* of the left leg; and as the wound must have been very sore, the captives could only hobble rather slowly whilst their captors goaded and dragged them along. I should not omit to state that at that period the Kookees had no guns, nor any knowledge of the use of fire-arms. Great therefore was their surprise and terror when we fired a volley at them, and kept up a hot fire as fast as we could reload. I do not know if we hit any of the Kookees, for they instantly fled into the jungle and disappeared, leaving their captives to their fate. These poor creatures were almost as much terrified at the firing as the Kookees had been, and tried to hide themselves in the jungle. When the firing had ceased for some time, my men began to call out in the Bengali language, and at last two of the captives—a woman and a girl—

peeped out of the jungle and came to us. The rest of them remained in hiding, but eventually found their own way out of the jungle to their homes. We lost no time in getting our canoes down the Nullah, and only felt that we were safe from any reprisals when we got out into the big river again. I believe, however, that the Kookees never thought of making any resistance, but fled away as fast as their legs could carry them to their own strongholds. It was a great piece of luck that we were able to recover any of the captives and to make the Kookees abandon their prey. The firing of our guns must have had a good effect, for the Kookee raids in this quarter ceased for a considerable time.

Many years passed, and I was employed in other parts of the country. In 1861 I returned to Chittagong as commissioner of the division, and had an opportunity of renewing my dealings with the hill-men. In the mean time, however, great changes had occurred. The Government had sent a military expedition into the hills and had destroyed some of the Kookee villages. The legislature had passed a law by which a large slice of the hills was formally annexed to British territory; and an English officer had been appointed as superintendent of hill-tribes, with a strong military police to support him—their stockaded outposts being advanced deep into the hills, so as to control the movements of the hill-men if they showed any disposition to raid. A school, and a jail, and a dispensary had been established so that the hill-men might enjoy the humanizing influences of civilization if they pleased. The superintendent of the hill-tribes was always ready to hear their complaints and administer a simple form of justice to them. By this time we had also learnt to distinguish more nicely the three chief tribes—the Kookees, the Looshais, and the Shindoos. The Kookees, as nearest the frontier, had been brought well into subjection. Next behind them

came the Looshais, and the Shindoos were further off, towards the south.

In 1861 our difficulties lay chiefly with the Looshais. Their chief was named Ruttun Pooiya, and it must be admitted that he had gained such an ill report for his misdeeds that his name was a terror to all the Bengalis of the plains, and quite a bugbear to almost all the English officials in Chittagong and Calcutta. But the superintendent of the hill-tribes, Major John Moore Graham, was no ordinary man. Tall and handsome, with a kindly heart and a sound head, he devoted himself to his lonely duties over his savage subjects. He went among them, and listened to their troubles; he doctored them in their accidents and illnesses, and was a general favourite with men, women, and children. He was a great sportsman and an excellent shot, and often astonished them by his prowess against the tigers and wild buffaloes. Gradually he so far gained the confidence of the men that he was able to enlist several of them in his military police. But Ruttun Pooiya, the great Looshai chief, still held aloof, and studiously avoided the interviews which Graham sought to hold with him.

At length an opportunity arose by chance. One of the wives of Ruttun Pooiya met with an accident when she was on a visit at her father's village, and Graham was instrumental in helping to restore her to health. When she returned to her husband she naturally spoke warmly in his praise, and after a while Ruttun Pooiya agreed to go to our outpost at Casalong to see Major Graham. The ice once broken, he soon took a liking to the Englishman; and the latter, without hurrying or alarming him, gradually led him on to consider the advantages of placing himself on friendly terms with the British Government.

Major Graham, as superintendent of the hill-tribes, was immediately under my authority as commissioner of the division. He came to Chittagong to consult me, and we agreed

that I should go up with him to Casalong to see Ruttun Pooiya and enter into some amicable agreement. There was a steam-launch, or small gun-boat, at our disposal, which enabled Graham to go up and down the river at his convenience. No doubt this gun-boat, with its steam-whistle and its brass three-pounder, had made some impression on the minds of the hill-men; and the echo of the gun, which was fired every morning and evening by Captain Maclean, who commanded and engineered the steamer, was regarded as a symbol of British authority. Ruttun Pooiya was known to be very much interested in the steamer; Major Graham had let him have a trip in it, while Captain Maclean had taught him to sound the steam-whistle and to fire the gun with his own hand. Ruttun Pooiya and Captain Maclean had also baptized their friendship with strong potations of rum, for which they both had a liking.

When Graham and I arrived at Casalong we were received by the guard and escorted through the stockade, to take up our abode in the superintendent's house. This house was very like Robinson Crusoe's castle. It was built some thirty feet above the ground, supported on the trunks of large forest trees, still growing with all their branches overhead, supplemented by extra supports where necessary. We climbed up the bamboo ladder or staircase into the ante-room or hall that led into a good-sized sitting-room, behind which there were two bed-rooms. It was fairly comfortable, although the floors made of split bamboo seemed rather elastic at first. Here we established ourselves, and had a good dinner and slept well, only disturbed towards morning by the screeching and calling of a tribe of Oolook monkeys in the adjacent forest.

It was arranged that Ruttun Pooiya should be introduced to me after breakfast. I put on my blue and gold political uniform, with cocked hat and sword, whilst Graham was arrayed in

full military dress. When Ruttun Pooiya had climbed up into our room he was rather awed at first by our costumes, especially as he had never seen Graham in his uniform. However he soon recovered himself. He was a strong and well-built man about 5 ft. 8 in. in height. His features were regular, not in the least like those of the common hill-men, and he wore a dress, chiefly of white muslin, like that of an ordinary Bengali landowner. We soon got to business, Graham acting as interpreter. The chief difficulty lay in settling about the restitution of captives who had been carried off in former raids. Some general terms being arranged, it was proposed that we should drink the Queen's health, and a bottle of champagne with three tumblers was produced. Following our example Ruttun Pooiya drained his glass, but the sparkling liquid puzzled and almost choked him. However when he had got over his surprise, he promptly held out his glass for a further supply, and had evidently taken a great liking to it.

In the course of the conversation it occurred to me that it would be a very good thing for Ruttun Pooiya to take him down to Chittagong and show him some of the wonders of civilization of which he was utterly ignorant. We put it to him that courtesy and etiquette required him to return my visit; and that it would be for his advantage to know more of us before he ratified the agreement which we proposed to make. I promised him that on the third day after his leaving Casalong he should be brought back in safety and landed there. Luckily he had none of his *muntris*, or ministers, with him to dissuade him. He sent for two of his personal servants to bring his baggage on board the steamer; and as soon as we ourselves could embark, we set off at full speed towards Chittagong.

So soon as his natural trepidation caused by the novelty of the situation had worn off, Ruttun Pooiya was delighted. When after a few hours

rapid steaming we emerged from the hills and passed through the plain country he admired every thing; and when we reached the port of Chittagong, where numerous ships were lying, he was much puzzled, and asked if they were mountains. When we landed, we sent him off in a *palkee* to the lines of the military police, in which, as has been already mentioned, some of his own countrymen were enrolled, so that he had confidence in them; whilst the Sikh native officers, under Major Graham's orders, entertained him till late in the night with feasting and dancing and singing, for which we provided the needful supplies.

The next day he came to visit me. I held a sort of *durbar*, at which he was invested with the best dress of honour that we could improvise—a dark velvet fancy costume, with sword and buckler, and a brocaded turban. I then arranged that he should be taken to see the public offices; and all the bags of silver in the treasury; and our English Church; and the salt go-downs, containing many hundred tons of salt, which greatly impressed a man who had never seen more than a few pounds of salt at a time. By good luck a war-steamer of the Indian navy came into port, and the captain kindly let him go on board and see her big guns—64-pounders—at which he was amazed. He was driven in a

buggy through the principal streets and bazaars, which he greatly enjoyed after he had recovered from the alarm of sitting behind a horse for the first time in his life. When he came again to see me in the evening his professions of delight were unbounded. He passed another festive night with his friends in the military police-lines; and on the morning of the third day Major Graham took him on board the gun-boat, and carried him back to Casalong as we had promised. It is hardly necessary to say that so long as Major Graham was superintendent of the hill-tribes Ruttun Pooiya and the Looshais remained on the best of terms with us. Other officers have in the last twenty-five years succeeded Major Graham and ruled over the hills. Ruttun Pooiya has been dead for many years; and it is not in my power to explain why there has been an interruption of our amicable relations with the hill-men; or why they have again taken to raiding on the inoffensive villagers of the plains. The military expedition has already been successful beyond expectation; and I venture to hope that a peaceable mode of negotiation may succeed in bringing the tribes to submission without our having further recourse to the arbitrament of battle.

C. T. BUCKLAND.



## THE MADNESS OF FATHER FELIPE.

THE sun was setting, throwing long shadows from the tall eucalyptus and poplar trees that surrounded the peach-orchards, and gilding the distant windows of the great *estancia* house of Santa Paula. Father Felipe rose from his seat among the peach trees and, thrusting his breviary into the pocket of his *soutane*, took his way up to the house to await the hour of dinner. Late though it was, there was still work going on in the sheep-corral as he passed them; for, owing to the revolution that had broken out in Uruguay, labour was scarce that summer, and long hours had to make up for the want of hands. The priest stopped on his way and, leaning against the wooden fence, watched with an absent air a group of some five or six men who were busily catching the lame sheep and paring their overgrown hoofs. All day long the same work had been going on: point after point of sheep had been shut into the narrow enclosure, examined, doctored, and let go, and the flock was not yet finished. Of the thirty or forty men who laboured on the *estancia* only these few were left; all the rest had either gone to swell the ranks of the revolution or had fled away into hiding to avoid being pressed into the Government service.

"It is growing too dark, Anselmo," grumbled one of the men, rising to his feet and stretching his tired limbs; "we shall never finish the work to-night."

"Courage, man!" cried the *mayor-domo*, a bustling little fellow who had been doing the work of two men through the day and superintending the work of all. "Come! There are hardly a hundred sheep left now; the flock will soon be done with. Ah, Don Felipe! Good evening to you. Would you like to lend us a hand? Here is

a knife for you, if you have not got one."

The priest started from his reverie. "Willingly, Anselmo! very willingly, but I do not know how to help you. I am not skilled to this labour."

The grumbler looked up. "To this labour, no!" he repeated, mimicking the priest's deprecating tone, "but to eat his dinner—yes! Offer him a knife to eat his dinner, Anselmo, if you want to see him use it. That is what a priest carries a knife for."

The men laughed. Don Felipe pretended not to hear, but the muscles of his face quivered and the hand that grasped the railing shook in spite of his efforts to appear indifferent.

His tormentor cast a mocking glance at him as he passed before him to catch another sheep. "Aha! the fat wether!" he cried presently, dragging the struggling sheep after him by the leg. "Oh, the fat priest! This is the kind of priest that pleases me; this one makes good fat meat and good thick wool; this one deserves his dinner every day. But the other priests! Bah!—if you were to cut all their throats to-morrow you would get nothing by them."

The men laughed again; it mattered little to them what the wit was so long as it was directed against the proper person, and to their ideas a priest was an eminently proper person for ridicule.

"Hold thy tongue, Teofilo!" said the *mayor-domo* sharply. "Thou knowest that Don Geronimo will not have the father insulted; and if he complains, then it is I who am blamed. Besides, priest or no priest, he is not a bad man that Don Felipe," he added carelessly.

Don Felipe did not hear the remonstrance. Already he was on his way to the house, walking with slow

measured steps that contrasted curiously with the passion that was working in his face. Broken ejaculations started involuntarily from his quivering lips. "They all hate me. They all despise me. What harm have I ever done, what words have I ever spoken to them? The meanest *peon* on the place thinks that he has the right to insult me!" His hands were feverishly clenched and unclenched, the perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his face flushed a burning red with the heat of shame and powerless indignation. When he was out of sight his steps were more hurried; then suddenly he stopped and paused irresolute, being half minded to return and confront with angry words the men that jeered at him. Thinking better of this impulse he resumed his way to the house, crying out aloud to himself as he went with a kind of angry exultation, "It is not through fear. No! not through fear!" An insult loses half its bitterness if promptly resented and revenged: it is only those that are accepted in silence that remain unhealed, and every fresh wound added to their number starts the old wounds bleeding afresh, smarting with accumulated pain. Perhaps the keenest pang that Felipe felt was the horrible uncertainty whether it was really his cloth alone that prevented him from revenging his pride. "It is not through fear!" he cried to himself. Had he been more sure that fear had no influence with him he would not have felt the necessity of so often telling himself so.

He sat down on a bench outside the house and wiped the sweat from his brow. Hardly more than two-and-twenty, his clean-shaven face made him look even more youthful, and there was something almost pathetic in its incongruity with the long formal *soutane* and ugly peaked hat. His features were good, though wanting in strength, and his eyes were beautiful. "I did ask you to send me a priest," wrote Doña Apolinaria to her

old friend the Vicar-General at Buenos Ayres, "and you have sent me a pretty boy. However, his manners are nice, so I will not complain." Felipe's manners were nice, a rare thing among his fraternity, and in that respect at least Doña Apolinaria had no fault to find with the chaplain that her friend had selected for her. It would have been difficult to find in him any other especial qualifications for his post.

The *estancia* of Santa Paula belonged to the Usabarrenas, one of the richest families of the Republic of Uruguay. At that time the family consisted of three individuals only—Don Geronimo Usabarrena, whose great wealth and influence in the country had made him a likely candidate for the Presidency at more than one election—had he ever been elected he would have made a very honest and perfectly incompetent ruler: fortunately both for himself and his country his ambition was not rewarded by success; Doña Apolinaria, his wife, a native of Buenos Ayres, and related to some of the first families of the Argentine Republic; and Elena, their only child, a pretty girl of nineteen, with rather a sullen expression of face and such supercilious manners as befitted so great an heiress. Geronimo Usabarrena was a good-natured, godless old heathen, who feared and respected no man, but only his wife. Political troubles had exiled the family from Monte Video for more than two years, and obliged them to live altogether on their country estate. Had the truth been told, Usabarrena was not sorry to escape from the constant worry and anxiety of the intrigues with which his wife's ambition surrounded him; as it was he did his utmost to reconcile her to her temporary seclusion, even to the extent of building a chapel for her (for Doña Apolinaria was a devout woman and constant in her religious duties) and allowing her to send to her old home in Buenos Ayres for a priest. Thus it had been that Felipe had entered on his first duties in his profession.

He had come there straight from the religious seminary in which he had been educated, and which he had entered at the age of ten. Of his childhood he had but the vaguest recollection. Always, so far as he could remember, he had lived with the same old woman; always in the same dingy street, always in the same dark little house that no one entered but themselves. He supposed the old woman to have been his grandmother—why he supposed her to be so, he did not remember, nor did he remember anything very clearly about her except that she beat him occasionally with a leather strap kept for that purpose. The strap and the old woman had become inseparable in his memory; he never thought of one without the other, and the general impression left on his mind by his infancy was that he had been brought up by a leather strap aided by an old woman. He did not know the names of his parents; his father he had never heard of; his mother he had seen but once. A very handsome woman, of uncertain age, and rather stout; her voice was harsh and disagreeable, and her dress astonished even his childish eyes—but not all the powder and paint with which it was daubed could hide the extraordinary beauty of her face. The old woman had fallen ill and this unknown lady came to visit her. As she came out of the bedroom, she took the small boy by the hand and led him to the window.

"Thou art Felipe?"

"Yes, lady," he said with timid hesitation.

"Thou art a good boy?"

"Yes, lady," but with more hesitation, being mindful of the strap.

"Wouldst like to be a priest?"

"Lady, I do not know," he stammered with wide open eyes.

"It is good—thou art going to be a priest. Thou must be good and learn. Is it not so? Look at me—I am thy mother. What a wretched little creature it is!" she added with rather

a forced laugh. "Yes! I am thy mother. Kiss me."

Long afterwards Felipe could recall the rough feeling of those hard red lips that just touched his cheek—perhaps as it was the only time in his life that he had ever been kissed, it was only natural that he should remember it.

The next day a priest came to take him away. Whether the old woman died or lived, he never knew, nor was there any one whom he could ask at the seminary. The misery of all such schools! For more than ten years he lived there, herded with boys whom some physical defect or other failing had driven to that refuge, or who, like himself, had to bear the burden of their parents' sins; poor wretched little mortals, with a pitiful precocity in evil, who had known little or no kindness in their wretched little lives, and whose only idea of enjoyment was the fulfilment of the instinctive desire to inflict torture and suffering on the weakest among themselves. Fortunately their fellowship had but little influence on Felipe for good or evil: as a child he had lived a life of repression and loneliness, and at school he shrank away from the companionship of other boys into the solitude of his own thoughts. He was too small when he first came among them to be molested, and by the time he grew older they had become accustomed to leave him alone. Ten years is a long time at that age, and for ten years the seminary was Felipe's home. It is possible that he did try to carry out the admirable precepts of his mother, for he gave but little trouble to his teachers, was always good and did his best to learn; it is possible also that by so doing he gave pleasure to his mother, but if he did she made no sign of it, for he never saw her or heard of her again. The time came for him to leave the seminary and take a priest's vows. The change for him was merely the outward one of tonsure and *soutane*; his renunciation of the joys and

pleasures of this world cost him no pang.

Doubtless he had a powerful protector somewhere or he would not have been singled out for so enviable a post as that of private chaplain to the Usabarrenas. Doña Apolinaria was credited with great influence in the ecclesiastical circle of her native country, and might do much for the advancement of any priest that she might care to patronise. In itself, however, the position was not so pleasant. A priest is by no means a prophet in Uruguay and receives but scant honour from the people. By most of the inhabitants of the *estancia* Felipe was treated with a kind of contemptuous toleration. Don Geronimo indulged in much good-humoured banter at his expense; after his own fashion he was not unkind to his wife's *protégé*, but he could never overcome his astonishment at having a priest actually living under his own roof, or resist the temptation of seeing Felipe's sallow face flush crimson at some outrageous jest or story. That devout lady, Doña Apolinaria, treated him with a curious mixture of reverence for his office and haughty disdain for his individual person. Her daughter never addressed him a word outside the confessional, save when she forced herself to be amiable in payment of such small services as she might exact from him. The *peons* about the place hardly scrupled to show their contempt for a man of his dress. Only one person had ever welcomed him as a friend and equal, and invited his confidence; and that one person Felipe loved with such a passion of gratitude that his whole life had come to seem only of value as it was connected with hers.

Teresa Llosa, a niece of Don Geronimo, was much the same age as her cousin Elena. A pretty slender girl whose round childish face always wore a look of content and happiness, and a pleasant smile of welcome for all the world. Her good-nature was proverbial. To be below the con-

sideration of everybody else was to have an immediate claim on Teresa's sympathy. "Teresa's Family" was a standing joke among the residents of the *estancia*. It consisted of very miscellaneous elements. Teresa's old man, Teresa's dog, Teresa's nurse—the two former were both blind and helpless, the latter was an old negress whose temper was the terror of the household. Horses beyond their work became "Teresa's horses," and under that sheltering name were turned out loose to spend the rest of their old age in freedom. Hardly anything was called hers that had not some defect which rendered it worthless to the rest of the world. Teresa's heart, said her cousin, was a kind of dust-heap where only broken things and litter found a resting-place. Felipe with his shy awkwardness and shrinking timidity found his way at once to that hospitable refuge; to Teresa it was only natural to hold out the hand of good fellowship to one who seemed to be rebuffed by all others. Certainly the interest she took in him was something more than the kindly pity that she bestowed on most of her adherents, for she liked him for his own sake; still his friendship was little more to her than the addition of another member to her numerous family. To Felipe—ah! what was it not to Felipe? Had he ever asked himself, he would not have known how to answer. It takes but very little wine to intoxicate a man that has never drunk wine before. So far in all his life he had never known any affection; dimly he may have been conscious from time to time of a craving that nothing in his daily surroundings could satisfy, a craving that was caused by neither hunger nor thirst nor any bodily want, but which came upon him, he knew not why, and passed away unsatisfied. Now he knew that this craving must have been the longing to be with Teresa and in her thoughts, for it was her absence or her coldness that brought it on him; it was the craving for her kindness and good-will, and

could only be satisfied by the music of her voice or the welcoming light of her eyes. The world had suddenly opened before him disclosing a new pleasure of which he had hitherto never dreamt: it was hardly wonderful that at first he was bewildered by the sudden novelty of the sensation and almost drunken with its intensity. Teresa's affection was compensation for all past unhappiness. The affection that he felt for her was an end and interest in his life more real and living than any he had imagined before, by the side of which the fervour of religion was a cold and empty abstraction; it was a joy and pleasure that went on increasing and growing in strength every day. And it was only affection! Felipe was a priest, and priests have nothing to do with love.

Nevertheless it is doubtful whether Felipe's life was actually made happier and more contented. Apart from the restless hunger with which his soul seemed to be now possessed, Teresa's kindness and consideration served to throw into darker relief the little consideration and esteem in which he was held by the rest of the world. The slighting words, that before he had hardly felt at all, now inflicted the keenest suffering upon him; every one of them seemed to widen the gulf of contempt that the world stretched between him and the object of his devotion. How could one, so despised as he was, be worthy of Teresa's notice—Teresa, whom every one loved? After all, even in years, Felipe was little more than a sensitive boy. As he sat that evening in the *patio*, where the family usually assembled before dinner, his ears still burnt and echoed the jarring laughter that had mocked him in the sheep-corral, and still he writhed with the anguish that the foolish words had caused him.

The *patio*, or courtyard of the house, was flagged with white marble and filled with huge wooden boxes containing masses of white and scarlet blossom, over which orange and lemon

trees, feathery palms and tall tree-ferns, threw a protecting shade. In spite of the simplicity of their daily life, the house showed abundant signs of the great wealth of the Usabarrenas, and this evening Felipe felt more than ever insignificant, and oppressed by the sumptuous luxury of his surroundings. The first of the family to appear was Teresa, who passed him with a friendly nod of the pretty little head as she dived into the darkness of the *sala*, only to reappear presently with a disappointed face.

"What, no papers! no letters! Has not the post-messenger come then, Don Felipe?"

"I do not know, Señorita; is it time yet?"

"Of course it is. He should have come an hour ago." She sat down on a seat near Felipe, and impatiently opened and shut a long black fan. "Do you not care then when the letters arrive? Why, to me it is the only hour of the day: from the time that I awake in the morning I think of little else but the letters I shall get in the evening. And you?"

"I? Well, you see I do not receive letters. I have no friends to write to me," answered Felipe sadly. "No—not one."

Teresa looked at him with quick sympathy. "I should not like that," she said, softly. "I like to have many friends, very many. Never mind, Don Felipe; you also must make friends, and then when they are absent they will write to you. See, it is a bargain: when I go away I will write you an enormous letter, and then you must write me a long answer, and tell me all that passes at the *estancia*."

A cold terror seized Felipe. "Are you then going to leave us, Señorita?" he asked.

"Some day I suppose I shall," she answered, with rather a conscious laugh. "Perhaps very soon," she added, blushing. "You know—or at least you must have heard—upon what it depends. Well!—I will tell you a secret. He is going to be promoted;



—perhaps he is already Captain Valdez; and then my aunt will let him come here; and then—”

“And then there will be a wedding. And then we shall become the Señora Valdez. And then we shall be happy ever afterwards. Is it not so, little fool?”—and Elena, who had stolen up silently behind the unconscious pair, burst into peals of laughter as she passed her arms round her cousin's neck and dragged back her head, the better to survey her blushes.

“Let me alone. Oh! Elena, you are abominable,” she cried, freeing herself from the other's grasp, and sitting up on the edge of her chair with the look of a ruffled bird. But Elena only laughed the more, and slipped quietly into the chair that Felipe had vacated without deigning to look at him. He, for his part, moved slowly away. A feeling of deadly sickness had come over him; such a feeling as a prisoner, long condemned, might experience on hearing his sentence confirmed. He could hardly have failed to know that Teresa was engaged to a young officer in the Argentine army, and that their marriage was indefinitely postponed on account of his youth; for hardly a day had passed but some one or other had spoken of Luiz Valdez, the most promising young man in the Argentine Republic—so brave, so clever, so generous, of whom Doña Apolinaria was as proud as if he had been her own son, and whose praises she sung with the same energy of conviction with which she was wont to sing her own. But to Felipe it had all appeared so vague and far-off; it was not till now that he seemed to realise what it actually meant, and that Teresa would soon disappear from his daily life as completely and utterly as if she had never entered it.

“The priest does not love me. He always takes to flight when I appear,” said Elena, making a face at Felipe's retreating back. “Well, you have chosen a droll confidant, my Teresita!

The dear little fool! Has thy cousin then so little sympathy that thou must give thy confidences to a priest?”

“I was only telling him what every one knows. Why do you tease me! And why are you so unkind to that poor young fellow? Look you—he always is so lonely and seems so sad.”

“Bah! that is his business to be lonely and look sadly. Priests have no right to be gay. Dost thou want him to dance and sing? For all that, I cannot see why he should live in the house. I am sure it is dull enough without having that death's-head ever before one. Well, never mind Don Felipe. Tell me again—what was that you heard from Luiz?”

“But I told you all about that yesterday: there is nothing more. Stay—you shall see his own letter for yourself. There—you may read down to the bottom of that page, but mind—you must not look at the other.” Teresa spread a little brown hand over one sheet while she held out the other for her cousin's inspection. “There—you see that he only says that a chance of quick promotion has come at last, and that it will not be his fault if he does not command a company before a month is past. I wish I knew what is this chance; he is so mysterious about it all. I wonder—No! no! Elena, thou shalt not read that side”—and she wrested the letter away from her cousin, who was meanly attempting to decipher the words which the widespread fingers left unprotected.

“Do let me just look a little! Oh, greedy one! I only wanted to see what that little row of blots was,” pleaded Elena humbly.

“Never mind the row of little blots—they are not meant for you.” With an assumption of much dignity Teresa folded up her letter and put it away before the other's hungry eyes.

“Ah! *hija!*” she cried fervently, “how good it must be to have a lover. I wish I had one too. But come, or

we shall be scolded for being late at dinner."

Teresa's letter seemed destined to be the last to be received at the *estancia* for some time. Neither that night nor the next came any communication from the outside world. It was known that the revolutionists were gathering in force, not far from them, upon the banks of the river Uruguay; and that they were only waiting for a reinforcement of certain refugees and volunteers from their neighbour, the Argentine Republic, to march at once upon the capital. Evidently no news from Government headquarters could pass their lines to the estancia, and the Usabarrenas were dependent on the wild rumours that were flying about the country for all the information they could get. It was known that the Argentine Government was greatly in favour of the revolutionary party; and though it was impossible for them to take an open part in such an enterprise, it was expected that they were secretly about to furnish both money and men to aid in its success. Everything depended on the temper of the Uruguayan army. To Don Geronimo the time was a very anxious one; he had the liveliest sympathy for the movement that was taking place, but he dared not identify himself with it. Success, he knew, was well-nigh impossible so long as the army remained faithful to the existing government; and as yet only a single regiment, an out-lying one, had deserted their allegiance and thrown in their lot with the rebels. Owing to the isolated situation of his estate he was still able to keep in the background, but at any moment he might be called upon to take decisive action for one side or the other. If only he could get authentic news in time to declare for the winning side! He had generally managed to do so before, and this was the eighth revolution that he had passed through.

At last news came. One of his men managed to get away from the neighbouring town, then in the hands of

the rebels, bringing letters for Don Geronimo, a batch of newspapers, and a note for Teresa.

It appeared that the Argentine contingent had at length crossed the river but only in half the force that had been expected. Some few officers of the Argentine army had joined secretly as volunteers, but for the most part the levies from that country were almost as raw and undisciplined as the levies raised in Uruguay. Already quarrels had arisen as to the chief command. Such as it was, however, the force had been hastily organised and was already in full march to meet the Government troops despatched against them from Monte Video. Don Geronimo stormed up and down almost beside himself with fury and dismay: never had he expected such a complete certainty of disaster. "Look at your revolution!" he shouted at poor Doña Apolinaria, as though she had been responsible for getting it up to disappoint him. "Call you that a revolution?—I call it a—". But words failed him, and he was fain to sit down and swear vehemently and incoherently in a white heat of rage.

"It is *not* so hopeless," cried his wife desperately—still anxiously scanning the sheets of the newspapers. "Remember what your agent, Pedro Moreno, wrote to you about the regiments in Monte Video—"

"Pedro Moreno lies," interrupted Usabarrena with sudden ferocity.

"But El Dia says that the soldiers are disaffected too. Have you read it?" urged Doña Apolinaria, who for once in her life seemed thoroughly cowed; "do listen to what the paper says—they think it is almost certain that two at least of the regiments will join our cause—"

"Our cause! It is no cause of ours. Are you mad to talk like that? What do I care what the paper says? It is much more likely that every one of your friends will bolt before they come in sight of the troops. As for those Argentine volunteers! well I am sorry for them, but they were fools

to be caught in such a trap. Not one of them will return to tell the tale. They, at least, will get no quarter—"

A stifled cry from the other end of the room startled them. Teresa was standing there, clutching a letter in her hands, with a look of frantic terror upon her white face. As if turned to stone she stared at her uncle and made no sign. Her aunt and cousin ran to her and caught her hands.

"Teresa! my darling!"

"Teresa! my poor child! what is it? what has happened?"

"My letter—my letter. See! he writes to me—Don Luiz Valdez—he joined the Argentine brigade. They have given him a regiment, and he marched two days ago—oh! my uncle, it is not true—what you said—say it is not true! Oh, Luiz, Luiz!" she wailed out, throwing herself face downwards on the floor, "Oh, Luiz, Luiz!"

Slowly the days dragged on at the *estancia*, as in a house of mourning. The one thought that filled every mind was the danger of Luiz Valdez; even Don Geronimo forgot his own selfish pre-occupation at the sight of his niece's despair. He had hardly exaggerated the risk that the luckless young man was running; it was literally a kind of forlorn hope in which the only chance of safety was victory. South Americans are beyond measure moved to wrath by any foreign interference in the domestic pleasures of revolution: that the citizens of one state should conspire, revolt and fight against their own government is a perfectly natural, justifiable, and eminently patriotic thing to do; but that citizens of another state should interfere to aid them is not only a piece of unwarrantable interference but the worst of crimes. To an Argentine soldier, an alien to the soil, no mercy would be shown if the rebels were defeated; if taken prisoner, he would be as relentlessly shot as any other spy. Every day that passed brought fresh news of the failure of the revolution

and the desperate condition of its leaders. What hope or consolation could there be to offer to Teresa? She wandered aimlessly from place to place to find no rest anywhere save in the little chapel, where for hours she would kneel in passionate prayer. Hers were not the only supplications offered up on her lover's behalf; her humble friends all spent their savings in candles—all with the exception of Felipe and her old dog, Tigre. Poor Tigre followed at her heels with drooping head, or would sit beside her, thrusting a cold nose into her listless hand and looking up with wistful devotion into the sad face whose cause of grief he could not divine. As to Felipe, in any circumstances there are few positions more disagreeable than that of being a stranger within the gates where sorrow and anxiety hold possession, and in his case the position was becoming daily more intolerable. Fortunately no one thought of him, and he for his part did his best to keep away from the others, fearing lest by some sign or word he might reveal the battle that was raging within him. Painfully he reasoned and wrestled with his own thoughts, trying to direct them into a proper channel. He would tell himself that the happiness of this girl, of this family who befriended him, ought to be his wish. He reminded himself of his duty as a priest. He assured himself that he did actually hope for the safety of this man; that he wished that he might escape his peril—that he wished it with all his heart. Yet—and yet he knew that he did not wish it. It was but a feigned wish that he forced upon the surface of his mind to deceive himself, while below the black waters of hatred and a terrible passion welled up resistlessly and threatened to engulf him. Hatred of a man whom he had never seen, and a passion that was the death of his soul. Sick and faint with the struggle, his soul was shaken by his thoughts like a ship by the storm. Terror possessed him, terror of him-

self; if he could think so wickedly, what wickedness might he not do? Every hour that passed seemed to weaken his powers of self-control. He thought of flight—but whither? of renouncing his office and profession—to what end? of death in the front ranks of the revolution—it was too late; of prayer—had he not prayed? Well he would pray again. Not in the chapel though, where he had daily gone through the empty routine of his religion; where he had made the daily parade of his faith before his fellow-creatures who scorned him and his God who had heeded him not. Out in the solitude of the woods, prone upon the insensate earth, he cried to his Maker for help, cried into the empty air, half unconsciously making use of the words of his office—*Miserere mei, Domine, quoniam infirmus sum: sana me, Domine. Miserere!* Still, his thoughts baffled him and no peace came to that weary warfare within; still, his heart played him traitor and refused to echo the words that his lips uttered. Above him the leafy boughs wavered in the summer air, that swayed lightly the heavy-scented flowers round him. Nothing changed; nothing was altered. The bright, vivid life of the summer woods went on carelessly after its own fashion, heedless of the one black spot in the general sunshine—the black robe of a priest that lay prostrate in its midst, and the human wretchedness that it covered.

The revolution was at an end. One single battle had been fought and the Government was victorious. The greater part of the rebel forces had surrendered at discretion, were taken prisoners and almost immediately released and allowed to disperse: the Argentine brigade alone had held out to the bitter end and been cut to pieces. That was the news received by the Usabarrenas some days after the event; received by Don Geronimo with smothered imprecations, by Elena with a wild burst of weeping, and by Felipe with a sickening feeling of guilty complicity—was this the answer to

his prayer? Teresa alone heard the tidings unmoved; at a moment when the others gave up all hope, her own took fresh root. "He is not dead," she repeated, "had he been killed, I should have known it. No—I know he is not dead, and the danger is now nearly passed." Her aunt shook her head, but kept her forebodings to herself; even though Luiz Valdez should have escaped death in the field of battle, how was was he to make his way out of the country? If he were among certain fugitives who were reported to have escaped, they knew that the pursuit was hot behind them, for already detachments of soldiers were scouring the country and an officer with some men had actually taken up his quarters in one of their own sheep-farms in order to watch the road that ran to the river. Usabarrena's guilty conscience told him why that measure had been taken, and he could only wonder that he had not at once to submit to the indignity of having his house and grounds searched.

The house, like most *estancia* houses in Uruguay, was surrounded by a considerable extent of woods, partly peach-orchards, partly forest trees with their thick undergrowth of wild shrubs and bushes. The *monte*,—as the woods are called—of Santa Paula was of a rather straggling nature. One clump of trees, at a distance of nearly a mile from the principal building, surrounded the ruin of an old house long deserted and fallen into decay. No one ever went near the place, which had become a very favourite resort of Teresa's, who could carry there her work and her books, and enjoy the solitude and shade, seated on an old bench in the corner of the *patio*. Moss had grown over the *patio*—moss had grown over the brick balustrade of the well in the centre. Felipe, who often accompanied her to this retreat, loved it better than any other corner in the world. There at least he was alone with her away from the contemptuous eyes of others; there he would listen to her

low gentle voice and gaze without fear at the face which haunted him even in his dreams; there, too, he would come by himself and let his thoughts and imagination run wild, picturing to himself an impossible future, and forgetting his present unhappiness, his past, his dress, even his own identity. On those occasions the breviary would remain in his pocket; he never read it there. Teresa had deserted the place of late—her anxious watch for news that never came kept her from straying far from the house—so that Felipe, on visiting their old retreat, was not a little startled to see her there before him. Still more startled to see that she was not alone. His coming had not been noticed, and at first he had a mind to slip away unobserved: then there came upon him an uncontrollable desire to know who this intruder was. Alas for poor Felipe! Neither his education nor his own feelings forbade his playing the part of an eavesdropper. He crept stealthily up under cover of the house itself until he found himself close to the bench upon which Teresa and he had so often sat together, where he could not only hear but see all that was passing. At the moment that he got into position, Teresa stood up to change hers. When he first saw her, she was sitting side by side with her companion; now she rose to her feet, still holding one of his hands with both her own; then, settling herself lightly upon his knees, let his arm fall round her, while she clasped her own round his neck and nestled her head against his shoulder with a soft sigh of content. Felipe clutched at his own throat, as if to stifle the cry that started to his lips. Steadying himself against the wall he stared at them with straining eyes.

The stranger was young and well-looking, in spite of his dirty and travel-stained appearance. He wore the usual loose dress of a *gaucho*, in his case rather torn and by no means over-clean; but his military boots and spurs at once betrayed his disguise.

His unshorn face was grimed black with dust; one arm hung useless to his side, bandaged with blood-stained rags; another bandage equally stained and dirty almost concealed his forehead. It needed no words from Teresa for Felipe to guess who it was.

"Luiz, Luiz!" she was saying in broken sentences. "Ah, think what I have suffered. But everyday I said, 'No! Luiz is not dead; he will come back to me.' My aunt despaired, and Elena, ah, poor Elena! how she cried. But I—I knew that thou wouldst come back to me. But, oh Luiz—the fear, the fear! it was cruel. Sleeping and waking, waking and sleeping, it was always with me, until I thought I should go mad with it. Ah, cruel!" A convulsive sob shook her utterance. With his one arm he strained the slight body closer to him, while he kissed her half-hidden face with fierce emotion. "Cruel—cruel!" she went on murmuring brokenly.

Suddenly she sat upright and shook back her head with a resolute gesture peculiar to herself. "Oh, I am foolish to behave like this. And all this time we ought to be thinking about your escape. Oh, my poor boy," she cried, breaking into tearful laughter, "if you could only see your face! Did you never wash it? I hope it has not come off on mine." She held his head between her hands and examined it critically, as if to find a clean spot for the kiss which she finally bestowed on the dirty bandage round his forehead.

"There was no time for washing," he rejoined. "I have not taken off my boots—nay, I have hardly slept—for six days. Teresa! little one! had I not thought of thee, I should never have got through those days."

"Yes, but there is no more thought of me now; it is of you we must think. You say that there is to be a boat waiting for you to-night on the river: but how are we to get you away from the *estancia*? They are watching us on that side. I suppose that we must



not let my uncle know that you are here?"

"No, no. No one at the *estancia* must know it. Don Geronimo is sufficiently compromised already. Indeed, I ought not to have come here at all, but I could not bear to pass so near to you and not try to see you. What a happy chance it was that brought you here this afternoon! Already I was despairing of finding the means to warn you."

"But how to get away now? Oh, I cannot think of anything. It is terrible!—to be so near safety, and yet so far from it still. Luiz, what are we to do?"

"Never fear, *niña*! A horse and a guide are all that I want. I shall get safely enough to the river. But I must have some one to help me to cut the wires of the fences if I do not follow the road. One arm is no arm to a clumsy fellow like me. There must be more than one man whom you could trust."

"Ah, yes. But I was thinking—Listen, Luiz, supposing that I came with you. I could bring two horses here at nightfall. I could cut the fences as well as another, and I could guide you over those three leagues better than another. Do not shake your head like that—why not? Think how miserable I shall be, here, alone, not knowing whether you are safe or not, imagining every hour that you are in danger. And, oh, how many weary hours before I can know that you are away and escaped. Besides, they are less likely to stop you if they see me there. I so often ride in that direction. Even at night, by moonlight, Elena and I have ridden together. And Don Geronimo's *peons*, if they meet you, how will they let you pass? Then, when we come to the river—Luiz, shall I not cross it also? Oh, do not let us part again—nevermore. I cannot bear it. You cannot go and leave me. What matters it if I go with you now or join you afterwards? Luiz, Luiz!—say, 'Come with me'! Luiz, my heart, *querido*!"

Teresa's voice died away into a passionate whisper. Then silence fell upon them for a while; and upon the listener there fell a darkness so that he neither heard nor saw them any more. When Felipe had regained possession of his senses, the bench was empty, the lovers gone, and he alone. He was lying on the ground; his hands were bleeding, cut and bruised by beating on the stones of the wall. He put his handkerchief to his mouth, and that was bleeding too. Sick and dizzy, he staggered to his feet with difficulty, and stared about him with wild, haggard eyes, trying to realise what had passed, where he was, and why he had come there. At first he was conscious of little but a sickening terror lest the fit should come upon him again. Gradually, as his senses became more composed, all the repressed passion of the last week surged up within him and took possession of his soul again, this time without a struggle. And yet outwardly he had grown calm, his hand was steady, his mind worked clearly and sensibly. He seemed to have entered upon a kind of dual existence, in which one part of him was watching with quiet, dispassionate curiosity the hell of evil thoughts that was raging in the other; of hatred and revenge, of unsatisfied longing, of helpless, despairing revolt against destiny. There were two Felipes; one who was actively plotting a hateful treachery, the other who feared and passively waited and watched. The first had grown strong with the bitter unhappiness of a lifetime, the second seemed to have lost all support from within; and the strong anger of the first tyrannised over the cowed submission of the other. Like a man in a dream Felipe walked towards the house, moving mechanically, but moving to an unseen end.

The night was already far fallen when Teresa rode down through the *monte*, accompanied by a *peon* leading another horse. It had been no easy matter to leave the *estancia* without

exciting suspicion, and she had been compelled to take into her confidence not only the man who was now following her, but also her cousin Elena, who was to account for her absence that night and pacify Doña Apolinaria the next morning. Once started, Teresa's spirits rose with the occasion. Only a few hundred yards separated her from her lover—a few hundred yards more and they would be together, never to part again. The muffled beat of their horses' hoofs in the deep white dust of the track spelt out a subdued song of joyful thanksgiving and triumph; the myriad swarms of fire-flies that flashed and went out and flashed again across her path lighted her on her way to her love and happiness, while the dark, warm air of the summer night hung like a soft veil around her, caressing and hiding her burning cheeks.

And now it was the *peon* who rode in front, and there were two who rode behind him, side by side, out from under the shelter of the woods into the open plain, where the star-lit splendour of the sky showed them each other's faces only too clearly. In silence they rode, only now and then exchanging a soft whisper or stopping still to listen with bated breath to some faint, distant sound, which might suggest the tramp of mounted horses or the clash of accoutrements. The patrols that watched the road to the river were not likely to wander so far from it, and the boat was to meet them at a point some miles distant from the usual landing-place. Nevertheless, to their uneasy senses every movement seemed fraught with danger. Sometimes a strayed cow or solitary horse would start into motion, disturbed by their approach, and disappear noisily into the darkness. At such moments Teresa grew sick with the violent beating of her heart. The short time required for cutting the wires and passing through the fences that crossed their path seemed to her whole hours of suspense. Still they travelled on safely, and already there was but one short mile between them

and the river. Suddenly their guide reined up his horse.

"There are some men riding there before us on the left." Without another word he turned his horse sharp to the right, followed closely by his companions.

Presently their horses broke into a quicker gallop, and still silently their riders urged them on.

"Ah, God! we are followed!" cried Teresa.

Another long silence. The suddenness of the catastrophe seemed to have deprived them of any other idea save that of urgent speed.

"There is a gate in this direction," said the *peon* presently. "If only it is unlocked we may escape them yet. If not —."

"Courage, Teresita! We shall soon leave them behind. Steady your horse—that is right! Thou art a brave girl!" and Luiz turned in his saddle to look back at the pursuers.

Again they rode on in silence. Only a breathless sob broke from Teresa, of fear and panting dismay. Suddenly a shot echoed behind them.

"Quick! quick!" she cried. "Ride on—faster, faster."

The ground was broken and full of holes. More than once their horses stumbled and barely recovered themselves; it was absolutely necessary to slacken speed and go more carefully. Apparently the pursuit must have dropped considerably behind them, for looking back they could no longer catch the sound of the horses' gallop, or see the dim outline of their riders against the sky. Luiz checked his horse and listened.

"They have stopped," he said.

"Oh, do not let us stop!" cried Teresa. "Ride on, Luiz! ride on!"

Shouts were heard—but far behind them. The shouting ceased. The flash of a gun tore the blackness of the night like lightning, followed by a distant report, and then all was still again. The three fugitives joined together and rode on into the darkness.

Teresa was not the only person absent from the evening meal at the *estancia*. Felipe's place was also vacant. Elena, who accounted for her cousin with the harmless fiction of a bad headache, was at no pains to account for the priest, whose absence, moreover, did not concern anybody very much. Had she known where he was at that moment, and how employed, she would have found it even more difficult than she did to maintain her ordinary composure. Felipe was also seated at table, but at a table in the hut occupied by Captain Crespo, the officer in command of the detachment of troops that had been despatched in pursuit of revolutionary fugitives, whose presence on Don Geronimo's *estancia* had caused the owner no little uneasiness. Captain Crespo had been writing. He rolled a cigarette, cast a careless glance at the white face and burning eyes that confronted him from the other side of the table, and leisurely proceeded to read what he had written.

"That is all?" he said, when he had finished. "You can give me no further information, Señor?"

"No."

"You are not aware then that the companions of Captain Valdez, from whom he separated two days ago, have already succeeded in eluding my men and crossing the river?"

"I know nothing of his companions. I saw no one but this Valdez."

"Ah! Well it almost seems a pity, does it not? Had he only remained with them he would be safe now. As it is, I have strict orders, and shall be under the painful necessity of shooting him within an hour of his capture. Let us see, it is now nine o'clock; the boat, you say, is to meet him at the *Paso del muerto* at twelve. We shall have plenty of time then to intercept him. No chance of missing him this time. What do you think, Señor Padre?"

Felipe did not answer. The other rose to his feet and examined with curious scrutiny the priest's face. He

lit his cigarette and leaning against the wall continued with a slightly ironical tone—

"Your information has indeed great value. The capture of this Captain Valdez is of vast importance, especially if it can be proved that he was sheltered by Don Geronimo Usabarrena. His death, too, will be a wholesome lesson to our Argentine friends. I congratulate you, Señor, on having performed so truly a patriotic and painful duty. The Señor Padre is a good citizen."

"I am not of Uruguay. I am an Argentine," returned Felipe in a low voice.

"Ah!" The officer turned round and spat upon the floor. Apparently there was nothing intentional in the action, nevertheless it brought the blood back to Felipe's sallow cheeks, only to fade away again leaving them more ghastly than before. The officer said no more, but busied himself with various preparations for a start. Then turning to his guest he said in a brief tone of command—

"As you will have to accompany me, Señor, you had better understand what my intentions are. I have been obliged to despatch my men on another service, and there is no time to recall them. As however there is no need of any force, I shall only take one man with me beside yourself— Yes, Señor, I must insist upon your accompanying me," he continued, as Felipe made a gesture of dissent, "and I must warn you that if I have the slightest reason to think that you play me false—you understand me; I make no threats. And now—let us be off."

So it had happened that even before Teresa and her two companions had left the *estancia* another party of three had already travelled by the road straight to the river and were waiting their arrival. Captain Crespo's first idea of seizing the boat was frustrated by his inability to find it. None of them knew the exact spot where the path lay that led to the *Paso*; the

river was fringed by a narrow belt of dense wood, and they soon gave up the hopeless task of forcing their way through on horseback and following the bank until they found it. The only way was to remain outside in the open and keep watch over the few hundred yards of clear space which the fugitives would have to pass by whatever way they came to the river. Felipe rode quietly beside his two companions, exchanging no word with them, staring before him between his horse's ears into the darkness. How strange are the visions that come to one out of the darkness! He saw his miserable childhood; a wretched, friendless boy, cowering before the world, whose hand seemed always uplifted against him; a friendless, lonely manhood, despised, useless to himself and others. And then there came the vision of another life, petted and caressed from its infancy, filled with the joys of youth, surrounded by every loving care and affection, and moving on with happy confidence and assurance from one success to another, crowned by the love of one woman. The two lives meet; a rattle of musketry and the happy one falls dead while the other is left. A dreadful laugh broke from his lips. Captain Crespo turned with an angry remonstrance. Felipe stared at him vacantly; he, too, had heard the laughter with surprise, he did not know that it came from him. No—never again would Teresa's arms be round that neck; never would her lover come back to her. Ah, God! but Teresa would be there. He himself would meet her—his eyes would meet her eyes. She would know all. Her pale face rose vividly before him, her great eyes changing from agonised terror for her lover to bitter and indignant scorn as they met those of his miserable betrayer. No—he could not meet her. It was not possible. He would turn back.

"This way," said his leader in a brief, impatient whisper; "and be careful not to let your horse rattle his bit like that."

Felipe obeyed, like a man oppressed by nightmare, and spellbound by the horrible dream from which he cannot wake. His tongue clung to the roof of his mouth: he could not speak or cry out, neither could he make any movement of his free will; he could only follow and keep close. The long minutes passed slowly; to his sick brain they appeared hours of delirium. Still he knew now that he was possessed; possessed by the devil in the form of that Uruguayan officer. It was the thought of that man that had first suggested to him his crime, and now he was caught in the devil's net and there was no escape. All the flood of his hatred turned against the man who rode beside him. When they first started Felipe had been given a revolver, which he had accepted without knowing or thinking what he might be expected to do with it. Did he only dare—had he but the power to use it!

"Listen—" the soldier bent forward—"I think they are coming towards us."

What had happened Felipe did not realise, but he found himself galloping wildly on between his two companions.

"One of them rides like a woman," said the officer, who was slightly in advance.

"It is Teresa," Felipe thought: he cried out hoarsely to the other two to stop, but no one seemed to hear or heed him. Suddenly he got his revolver free and, urging on his horse till it was nearly level with that of Captain Crespo, fired point-blank at the officer. The bullet struck the horse, shattering the shoulder-blade, and bringing him heavily to the ground. Felipe's own horse, swerving at the shot, stumbled and fell. He was clear of the animal in a minute and, rushing to the officer, who was rising with difficulty, half stunned by the shock, flung himself upon him with a wild cry. "Devil! devil!" he shouted, clutching him by the throat, and rolling with him to the ground.

The soldier pulled up his horse and

rode back, in answer to the shouts of his officer. He struck at Felipe with the butt-end of his carbine, but it was difficult to reach him without hurting his opponent. The soldier dismounted. At that moment Felipe released his hold, and leaping to his feet turned and ran forward. Without a word, the soldier put up his carbine and fired. The priest staggered on a few more steps, then throwing out his arms fell on his face.

"You have killed him," said the officer angrily, as they stood by the outstretched figure that lay motionless.

The soldier shrugged his shoulders. "What was I to do then? The horse is done for," he added, as he turned back to examine the other victim, whose fate touched him much more nearly. "Shall I try to catch the priest's horse for you, Señor Capitan?"

The captain, who appeared faint and badly shaken, was sitting upon the ground nursing one arm.

"No, it is no use. We had better return. I will ride your horse and you can walk. Curse that fellow!" he added; "I believe my arm is broken."

With some difficulty he was hoisted

on the horse, and rode slowly back to his quarters, the soldier trudging beside him.

"The fool of a priest was mad," he said after some time.

"So I think, Señor Capitan."

"You had better hold your tongue about this business, do you hear?"

"Si, Señor Capitan."

The captain rode on in moody silence. Suddenly he broke into speech again. "But why did he do it?—He must have been mad; but even so—"

"What would you have, Señor Capitan? He was a priest."

About the time that the officer reached his house, a boat was crossing the river in the stern of which two figures sat with clasped hands. The first grey light of dawn greeted their arrival on a friendly shore, illumining Teresa's happy face as she turned with a glad smile towards her lover. On the other side of the river the morning light revealed another sight, a slender form, dressed in black, lying stretched out in the empty plain, stark and cold. And yet Felipe, too, had crossed a river that night, to find rest from all his troubles on its further bank.

WILFRANC HUBBARD.



## PRUDENTIUS.

PRUDENTIUS is an author who has been somewhat unduly neglected in this country. Dressel's edition, published at Leipsic in 1860, is still the best there is. This neglect has been the result partly of the marked inequality between different parts of his works, and partly also from the extravagant praise lavished upon him by Bentley, who pronounced him to be "the Horace and Virgil of the Christians." Such unmerited eulogy has naturally led to a reaction—in the disappointment of hopes of finding in him treasures not destined to be realized.

Prudentius has not indeed the repressed passion and austere simplicity of his contemporary, St. Ambrose. His hymns fall short of the grandeur of "Adam" of St. Victor, and the sweetness of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," of Robert the Second, King of France, the loveliest, in Archbishop Trench's opinion, of all Latin hymns. Still less does any one of them approach the world-wide fame of the immortal "Dies Irae." Yet, in spite of this, and although he may yield to the masterpieces of the later mediæval hymnology, Prudentius may claim the first place among the Christian poets of the declining Empire; and his writings go some way to disprove the dictum of Johnson, that poetry and devotion are things scarcely compatible with each other.

The life of Prudentius falls almost wholly within the latter half of the fourth century of our era. Born in the north of Spain, 348 A.D., and therefore junior by eight years to St. Ambrose, he was six at the time of St. Augustine's birth, and fifteen when the Emperor Julian died. The verses, in which he recognizes the genius of the latter, abound in generous sentiment, and show the fairness of his mind.

One I remember in my youth was great,  
In arms no firmer bulwark of the State;  
In council sage to plead, to frame her laws,  
And true, but in Religion, to her cause.  
Shrines of a thousand deities he trod,  
Faithful to Rome though faithless to his God.<sup>1</sup>

Prudentius thus witnessed the final struggle between Paganism and Christianity. Thirty-five years before his birth, the Edict of Milan, 313 A.D., had given legal toleration to the new faith, but the victory was not won till the political establishment of the Church during his lifetime. The memorable encounter, which, if duly weighed, must be regarded as one of the most interesting events in the annals of religion and of rhetoric, took place in 384 A.D., when Prudentius was in the prime of manhood. This was when Symmachus argued in vain against Ambrose for the restoration of the altar of Victory, removed by Gratian from the Senate-house. Four years later, the Emperor Theodosius proposed in a full meeting of the Senate, according to the forms of the Republic, the question whether the worship of Jupiter or that of Christ should be the religion of the Romans; and the Christian champion was again triumphant. For this Prudentius is our sole authority. His testimony, in spite of the silence of Ambrose and Jerome, is accepted both by Gibbon and Milman, in preference to that of the Greek Zosimus, who says that

<sup>1</sup> Principibus tamen e cunctis non deficit unus,

Me puero, ut memini, ductor fortissimus armis,

Conditor et legum, celeberrimus ore manuque,

Consultor patrie, sed non consultor habende

Religionis, amans tercentum milia divum.

Perfidus ille Deo, quamvis non perfidus urbi.

"Apotheosis", 449.

the majority were in favour of the ancient religion. The second Book against Symmachus also contains some lines less valuable as poetry (though many of them are sufficiently spirited) than for the philosophical view that they present of the victories of Rome preparing the way for the Kingdom of Christ. The unity of the Empire is represented as paving the way for the Federation of the World and the final success with which Christianity was crowned.

The chief historical interest of Prudentius' lifetime centres round the above events. Of its personal incidents we are told but little. All we know is derived from the pathetic autobiographical poem, in forty-five Asclepiad verses, prefixed by way of preface to his works. Trained like Ambrose and Augustine in the schools of the rhetoricians, he practised at the bar for some years, and filled two important judicial posts. Subsequently he was promoted by the Emperor to what was probably a high military appointment at Court. A change came over him in his fifty-seventh year, when he drew this sketch of his career. Impressed with shame at the follies of his youth and the worldliness of his later manhood, profoundly touched by the nothingness of what had hitherto engaged his affections, he resolved to devote the remainder of his days to the service of God and the composition of sacred poetry. The lines in which he moralises over the past ("*Hæc dum vita volans agit*") evidently came from the heart, and may be rendered as follows:

Thus in life's busy race,  
Midst rank and honours of Earth,  
Gray hairs crept on apace,  
Minding me Salia's year did see my birth,  
Since then, how many a Spring  
How many a Winter spent  
Roses for frost did bring,  
Prove th' this head with snows by Time  
bespent.  
What will all such avail  
When fleets my latest breath,  
When—told my years' full tale,—  
I yield whate'er I have been unto death?

Then must be heard a Voice,  
*God claims thee, His thou art,*  
*Resign the world thy choice,—*  
*Thou and thy precious things for aye must*  
*part.*  
*O yet e'en yet break off!*  
*If merit claim no room,*  
*Folly's dull vesture doff,*  
*And praise thy God, ere strikes the hour of*  
*doom.*

After the year 405 A.D. we know nothing more of his history. Prudentius was the great popular author of the Middle Ages. No work but the Bible appears with so many glosses in High German, proving its use as a book of popular instruction. Yet to most educated persons and to many scholars he is now little more than a name. One reason of this is that to those who know him only through modern renderings the strength and spirit of the original Latin evaporates in "the crucible of translation." But further,—to be appreciated he should be heard as music, not read as poetry. As Dean Milman says, "The Hymnology of the Latin Church suggests the grave full tones of the Chant, the sustained grandeur, the glorious burst, the tender fall, the mysterious dying away of the organ. Decompose it into its elements, coldly examine its thoughts, its images, its words, its versification, and its magic is gone." This is eminently true of Prudentius, whose hearers would have been floated over many a monotonous waste by the mere musical cadence of the verse. Monotony and prolixity are his two special faults. There is much that is noble and touching, much that is graceful, spirited and pathetic, but it is suffocated with his fatal copiousness. This is true even of the two works on which his fame chiefly rests, the "*Liber Cathemerinon*," or Christian's Day, and the "*Liber Peristephanon*," the Martyr's Garland. The latter, written mainly in honour of Spanish martyrs, abounds in lengthy and minute details of their tortures. But it is not the minuteness of a great poet who can draw, as Homer and Dante could draw, from things homely

and common the poetry latent in them. Much that is described with almost anatomical precision might, we feel, have been left to the imagination; just as in art, the most beautiful representations of the martyrs are not those that bring before us all the apparatus of physical agony, but those that suggest suffering by the accompanying attribute of the sword, the arrow, or the wheel. This prolixity is still more fatal to Prudentius in his hexametral pieces. They amount to the portentous number of four thousand seven hundred and fifty-four lines, more than double the length of the *Georgics*, without reckoning the shorter introductory poems. The mere enumeration of their subjects would deter most readers from attacking them. Metrical defences of the doctrine of the Trinity are, it must be allowed, sufficiently uninviting topics; but the study of heresies, dreary at all times, has a new pang added to it, when presented to us in the garb of the Virgilian hexameter, and by the introduction of Virgilian formulae, all the more grotesque and out of place from the license as to quantities in which Prudentius indulges. The "*Psychomachia*" is a description of the struggles between passion and duty in the human soul. The vices of Paganism are arrayed against the Christian virtues, and finally discomfited in a pitched battle by them. But if a Spenser could hardly succeed in making allegory interesting, how much less could one who wrote in an age when literary taste had sunk almost to its lowest ebb. In the two Books against Symmachus we feel that at any rate we have come back to men of actual flesh and blood. The historical interest of the lines on Julian has been already noticed. The arguments of the Apologists, such as Tertullian and Arnobius, often reappear in these metrical treatises, but interspersed with them are several vigorous bursts of eloquent declamation that remind us of Lucan and Claudian at their best.

Prudentius throws much light upon

the state of society in his time. He urges the sons of Theodosius to suppress the gladiatorial shows; and to prove their brutalizing tendency, he instances a Vestal witnessing with exultation the struggles in the arena, and herself giving the signal for the despatch of the fallen. He often affords us an insight into the religious notions and practices of his age. Thus we note in him a fierce asceticism, and a repudiation of animal food, reminding us of the language of Empedocles in a fragment on the Golden Age. In the same spirit St. Eulalia is described as despising girlish toys and trifles. The germs of the doctrine of Purgatory, of the intercession of Saints, and of the veneration for relics, are all traceable in him. On the other hand, he gives no countenance to the dogma of the immaculate conception of the Virgin. On this point his language on Original Sin is strong and unmistakable. "The Author of the world is alone free from the stain of sin" ("*Apotheosis*", line 849). The "*Martyr's Garland*" contains some of the best and freshest of Prudentius' verse, though too often marred by misplaced ornament and tedious oratory, as where the dying Romanus in the midst of his tortures makes a speech of some two hundred and fifty lines. Their historical value is not very great. In the eleventh poem he confounds different persons of the name of Hippolytus, for the author of the "*Refutation of all Heresies*" cannot be the same person as the convert from the Novatian Schism. But he rouses our sympathy for the subjects of these fourteen pieces; and the variety of the metres (no less than twelve different kinds being employed) adds much to their charm. One passage of considerable interest is the description of the catacombs of St. Hippolytus, near the little oratory first erected by Constantine over the grave of St. Lawrence, where afterwards arose the stately basilica of San Lorenzo. We recognize "not far from the city walls among the well-

trimmed orchards the secret recesses and the apertures cut in the roof to let in the light through the subterranean crypt," and we see the worshippers hurrying in the early morning to the altar that guards the martyr's bones.

A further group of interesting subjects is connected with the Latinity and the metrical system of Prudentius. These can be but indicated here. In both of them he bridges over the gap between classical and Christian literature, and herein lies his special claim for careful study. Much of his phraseology grates harshly upon the ear of one trained upon the masterpieces of antiquity; but the circumstances of the age must be taken into account. The new faith required a new language in which to express itself, and the Latin of the Lower Empire, as Mr. Lilly remarks in his chapters on European history, is no uncouth *patois*: it is a real language with definite rules, principles and powers. To us indeed it is dead, but to the men of the Middle Ages it was in the fullest sense living, and it "can be no more judged of by the standards of the Augustan age, than Westminster Abbey by the rules of Vitruvius." One feature of this period, the reappearance in literature of pre-classical words that have lived on in popular speech, might be largely illustrated from this author. But on this point, as well as on the extraordinary change that was coming over the Latin prosodic system

in Prudentius' time, the substitution of accent for quantity, which accounts for such monstrosities as to us they appear, as *hēresis*, *cātholicus*, *idōla*, *erēmi*, *extorquē*, and many others, it is enough to refer to the masterly introduction by the late Archbishop Trench to his volume on Sacred Latin Poetry.

On the whole it may be said of Prudentius that he presents more points of interest than his brother versifiers of the Lower Empire. If he could not wholly emancipate himself from the degenerate taste of his age, and the defects incident to such a period of transition and transformation, yet he often shows that he possessed a true gift of sacred poetry. A busy age can spare no time for the perusal of subjects the fire of which has long ago burnt itself out. Yet there is room for a discriminating selection from the works of Prudentius. Any one who would separate the dross from the ore, and in a handy volume would edit with short notes and translations, specimens of the best of the hymns, say the first, the eighth, the tenth and twelfth of the "Cathemerinon," together with some half dozen of the "Martyr's Garland," including the last and perhaps the best of all, the beautiful hymn of St. Agnes, would deserve well at the hands of those who recognize and admire the grandeur that is stamped upon Latin even in the period of its decay.

F. ST. J. THACKERAY.

## OF THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.

HUMAN nature must have greatly changed, or Tiberius must have spoken with less than his usual wisdom when he said (as Tacitus reports) that the man was a fool who did not know his own stomach after the age of thirty. Eighteen hundred years give ample room for change in most things; but human nature, so the philosophers tell us, and the poets who are the best philosophers, changes not; in all essentials it remains the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It is true that the Roman emperor spoke these words in old age, when his body was as sick as his mind, and when in his cruellest pains he would still, so the historian tells us, strive to preserve the appearance of health. This may then have been no more than one of those grim jests in which Tiberius was wont to indulge, at his own expense, instead of, as his custom mostly was, at the expense of others. The imperial purple may have covered a man made only as others are who know the right and choose the wrong. He may have learned for himself clearly enough what was best for him to do and what to leave undone in the matter of eating and drinking, as well as in those other temporal pleasures, alluring but not always convenient to the natural man; and he may have wilfully preferred the course most immediately gratifying to his august appetites. It seems at all events in reason to suppose that the man who has lived to the age of thirty without having discovered the secret of his own peptics, is never very likely to master that important mystery. A philosopher of our own day, milder-mannered than Tiberius but not less keen a critic of his kind, has put the age of wisdom at forty years; but he was thinking of a less compli-

cated piece of machinery than the human stomach. Love, it used to be said in old time, was lord of human affairs, but we, wiser than our fathers, have set Digestion in Love's place. When things go wrong now, we do not ask, *who was the woman?* but, *what was the dinner?*

Some nameless sage has prophesied that our posterity, if it cares to follow Carlyle's way and label each age with its particular stamp, will be puzzled whether to mark this time of ours as distinctively spiritual or peptical—as the age of the soul or of the stomach. On the whole he seemed inclined to give his vote for the latter, to think that the closing years of the Victorian era will be known as emphatically an age whose god was its belly. And certainly it is an age which seems mightily perplexed what other gods to choose, if any. But he would not have this old impressive phrase construed in its familiar sense. "You false willain," said Sergeant Quacko in his trouble to his fetish: "You false willain! Dis what you give me for kill fowl, eh? and tro de blood in your face, eh? and stick fedder in your tail, eh?" And so saying he proceeded to use the wretched little image most spitefully. It is something in this fashion that we treat our fetish. After long pampering we now turn upon it, assail it with bitter reproaches and yet scurvier treatment. Its sacrifices are stopped, its hours of worship curtailed. It is no longer a generous, beneficent, pleasure-loving, pleasure-giving god to be propitiated with wine and burnt-offerings, but a baleful, malignant deity, to be bound in chains like the rebellious Titan, "never to cease to writhe and try to rest". And if any would persuade us that we do wrong



to take such precautions against the imprisoned rebel and to lay so much to his charge, and that "these rumblings are not Typho's groans" always and inevitably, we do not believe him; he suffers the fate of Empedocles, of the man

Whose mind was fed on other food, was trained

By other rules than are in vogue to-day.

It is at all events certain that what may be called the Ministry of the Interior has become a popular subject to write about. This of course does not necessarily imply any imperious demand on the reader's part. Burning questions (a phrase so familiar to an editor's ear and so full of the inevitable result of familiarity) are kindled as much by writer as by reader. Our periodical Press is a huge and hungry monster, and must be fed somehow. When the spirit moves a man to write he is persuaded that the subject at his heart is necessarily at the heart of his neighbour, and health is undoubtedly a moving subject with most men. But whatever the cause, our internal arrangements, or disarrangements, certainly fill a considerable space in our current literature. And whereas the healing profession was wont aforesaid to speak, outside its consulting rooms, to strictly professional ears, or at least did not condescend to become popular in the sense of making itself intelligible to the lay reader, it now puts off the old buckram robes of etiquette and, along with great captains and statesmen and other high authorities, unbends in familiar intercourse with the common herd, and generally bids the grateful world observe that the secrets of the prison-house are no such very dark, mysterious secrets after all.

It is vastly good-natured of these gentlemen. The man who writes without being paid for it, said Dr. Johnson, is a fool. Of course these gentlemen are paid for their writings, and paid liberally, no doubt; but this does not lessen the scope of their good-nature. Everybody may now get the benefit of

these experienced brains for what Mr. Tigg would have been amply justified in calling the ridiculously small sum of half-a-crown, or even less. And this good-nature is especially conspicuous in the case of the medical profession—a profession which has indeed in all ages been famous for its generosity. A great captain may make us a present of his opinions of his illustrious predecessors and their contributions to the art of war; a great statesman may make us a present of his opinions on the theory and practice of politics; we welcome them gratefully and profit by them, of course, abundantly. But our gain is not their loss. When the first note of war is sounded our great captain knows that the country will turn confidently to him to justify the lessons he has taught in time of peace; amid the turmoil of faction, when jealousy, vanity and ambition combine with stupidity to render all government impossible, the country turns to the great statesman, confident that he at least will never give up to party what he has so generously shown to be meant for mankind. But with the physician this is not so. When he makes the Press his consulting-room he obviously does so at his own peril. When he undertakes to show this suffering sad humanity how they may dispense with his services, it is clear that humanity's gain must be his loss.

And this is practically what has been done in the current number of "The Fortnightly Review" by a physician whose name and prescriptions would appear to be in many men's mouths; one moreover who is not understood to have won his popularity by the simple device attributed to his illustrious predecessor, Asclepiades of Bithynia, who attained his reputation by consulting the appetites and flattering the whims of his patients. It needs no personal experience to know that this is not our benefactor's way; for half-a-crown one may learn it as surely as by a pocketful of fees. For what is the whole conclusion of the matter as summed up by him in

the article aforesaid? Like the wise old Greeks he has taken for his motto *μηδὲν ἄγαν, do nothing too much*. His universal nostrum for all the ills that flesh is heir to is, in one word, *moderation*; moderation in all things, in eating and drinking, in exercise of brain and body. Now, if there be one thing more distasteful than another to our generation it must surely be this same moderation. The proofs lie thick around us. *Quicquid agunt homines*—in religion and politics, in art and letters, in our business and in our amusements, in all things man puts head or hand to, whatever else may be, moderation surely is not the ruling spirit. We can labour terribly, and we do. But,

Moderate tasks and moderate leisure,  
Quiet living, strict-kept measure  
Both in suffering and in pleasure,

it is not for these things that our nature seems to yearn. And it is surely the fact that in the matter of diet, and of liquids especially, many men, not commonly prone to extremes, find it easier to be ascetic than to be moderate. Mr. Goldwin Smith propounded a different view the other day, in a paper that mightily warmed the gloomy brewers' souls. "An ordinary English gentleman," he said, "takes a glass of wine daily at dinner without feeling any more tempted to swallow the whole contents of the decanter than he is to swallow the whole contents of the mustard-pot from which he takes a spoonful with his beef." With the greatest possible respect to Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion on all subjects, we are a little sceptical on this one. We venture to doubt whether the ordinary English gentleman who drinks wine at all is content with a single glass daily. We venture to suspect that he would find it much easier to leave the decanter alone altogether than to stop at the single glass. It was so with Johnson, and if we may be pardoned for thrusting into such honourable company, it is so with our feeble selves. To dine without wine is no hardship to us; but we frankly con-

fess to find the greatest difficulty in contenting ourselves with a single glass. Many men, we feel tolerably confident, who are in no sense of the word in-temperate, will join in this confession. We may feel pretty sure then that the good doctor in recommending this golden mean is not courting the popular voice after the fashion of Bithynian Asclepiades, but rather giving advice which his experience of mankind must suggest will not be very generally followed,—except on compulsion. "The devil was sick," &c.; every man will be able to finish the quotation for himself.

And after all this is but as it should be, for the doctors' sake. Whether by following the extremely simple and sensible rules laid down by our guide, we should all or any of us reach those ripe old ages he tantalizes us with, may be open to question; but it is certain that by following them we should, while we lived, keep many a guinea in our pockets that now finds its way into the doctors'. For here we have Tiberius proved true indeed. The man who has reached the age of thirty without having discovered that if he indulges immoderately in the pleasures of the table he will suffer for it, must either be blessed (or cursed, for the blessing is equivocal) with such a digestion that he may laugh all the College of Physicians to scorn, with all Apothecaries' Hall thrown in, or he must be a fool whom it were well the world should be rid of so soon as possible lest he hand down his foolishness to posterity. A poet indeed pointed out that a mind of this simple philosophy comes not only with the ripening years, but is practically a part of our natural outfit for life, when he sang that among the general truths shared by him and his well-loved schoolfellow was the certain conviction

That cakes  
Were to be bought at four a penny,  
And that excruciating aches  
Resulted if we ate too many.

But in truth this new Erasistratus makes no pretence at discovery; his wisdom is

the wisdom of years, which for our part makes us reverence it the more, being of those old-fashioned creatures who think more nobly of experience than experiment. All the wise men are on his side, in theory at any rate if not in practice; on his side and on the side of Tiberius, for with the English doctor they preach moderation and with the Roman emperor they preach (what fortunately for our countryman few if any practice) that each man must be a law unto himself. There is that extremely wise man Jesus, son of Sirach: "Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating: he riseth early, and his wits are with him; but the pain of watching, and choler, and pangs of the belly, are with an unsatiable man. . . . Wine is as good as life to a man, if it be drunk moderately; what life is there to a man without wine? for it was made to make men glad. . . . Be not insatiable in any dainty thing, nor too greedy upon meats: for excess of meats bringeth sickness, and surfeiting will turn into choler. By surfeiting have many perished; but he that taketh heed prolongeth his life." There is Plutarch warning his friends against too solid a diet, on the ground that it is oppressive to the intellect and apt to leave behind malignant relics. There is Shakespeare with his old Adam—so different a being from the old Adam of most of us!

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead  
woo

The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter  
Frosty but kindly.

There is Bacon—with Shakespeare, of course! "There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health; but it is a safer conclusion to say, 'This agreeth not well with me, therefore I

will not continue it', than this, 'I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it'; for strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age". There is the melancholy Burton: "Our own experience is the best physician; that diet which is most propitious to one is often pernicious to another. Such is the variety of palates, humours, and temperatures, let every man observe and be a law unto himself". There is Milton, with his Adam, whose sleep

Was aery light from pure digestion bred.

And there, too, is Pope, playing to his friend Bethel the part of Horace's Ofellus, and little careful to disguise his model's antique plainness of speech.

These are but a few; it were no hard matter to fill a volume with the prescriptions of these amateur physicians. Finally we have the old learning endorsed by the new: "No hard and fast rules can be laid down, but strict moderation should be the guiding maxim"; and this is as rare as it is gratifying, for it is not commonly our use to allow that our fathers were so wise as ourselves. Nor when we find the long result of time practically confessing that it can offer no better rules for our guidance than those preached if not practised when the world was young, need we think of Monsieur Jourdain and his unsuspected prose. Rather let us think of the Greek and his, "Give us a good thing two or three times over". Was it not that sage young gentleman, Clive Newcome, who observed to his friend Pendennis that the best cannot be beaten?

On one point indeed it is not quite correct to say that this new philosopher has added nothing to the discoveries of his predecessors; one new thing he has told us, one consolation given us supreme and ineffaceable. He puts the period of middle age between the years forty-five and sixty. Most of us have been used perhaps to look somewhat earlier for that grim moment when we

must turn away for ever from the primrose path of youth into the *via media*. But who will not cheerfully accept such a correction? Who will regret that the shadow of his days should run backward for how short a span soever, or grudge to find another turn of the glass to his credit before the striking of the inevitable hour? The feet of such a messenger of good tidings are indeed beautiful upon the mountains; his voice is as the voice of the blessed bird of spring, which brought back to the listening poet the golden time of his vanished youth.

Of all these old wisdoms thus recalled to our memory, perhaps none is wiser than Bacon's, "Discern of the coming on of years, and think not to do the same things still, for age will not be defied". Half the secret of life, we are persuaded, is to know when we are grown old; and it is the half most hardly learned. It is more hardly learned, moreover, in the matter of exercise than in the matter of diet. There is no advice so commonly given to the ailing man of middle age as the advice to take more exercise, and there is perhaps none which leads him into so many pitfalls. This is particularly the case with the brain-workers. The man who labours his brain must spare his body. He cannot burn the candle at both ends, and the attempt to do so will almost inevitably result in his lighting it in the middle to boot; the waste of tissue will be so great that he will be tempted to repair it by the use of a too generous diet. Most men who use their brains much soon learn for themselves that the sense of physical exaltation, the glow of exuberant health which comes from a body strung to its full powers by continuous and severe exercise is not favourable to study. The exercise such men need is the exercise that rests, not that which tires. They need to wash their brains with the fresh air of heaven, to bring into gentle play the muscles that have been lying idle while the head

worked. Nor is it only to this class of labouring humanity that the advice to take exercise needs reservations. The time of violent delights soon passes, and the efforts to protract it beyond its natural span is as dangerous as it is ridiculous. Some men, through nature or the accident of fortune will of course be able to keep touch of it longer than others; but when once the touch has been lost the struggle to regain it can add but sorrow to the labour. Of this our doctor makes a cardinal point; but pertinent as his warning may be to the old, for whom indeed he has primarily compounded his *elixir vite*, it is yet more pertinent to men of middle age, and probably it is more necessary. It is in the latter period that most of the mischief is done. The old are commonly resigned to their lot; but few men will consent without a struggle to own that they are no longer young.

And specially is this friend of man to be thanked for his warning against that most pestilential of modern heresies, the bicycle or tricycle, or whatever its accursed name may be. Elderly men, he says, should eschew this unnatural mode of progression. Most cordially we hope that the warning is superfluous. The spectacle of an old man, writhing in the ungainly contortions necessary to the proper management of this "agonizing wheel", were indeed one to make angels weep. We have ourselves no great passion for seeing even the young take their exercise in this fashion. They had far better trust to their own legs, if a horse is beyond their means. No doubt they can cover more ground that way, and to do the most possible in the shortest possible space of time appears to be one of the necessities of the age. But we are well persuaded that the country-walk that was found good enough for our fathers will serve their sons' turn better than this insane careering over hill and dale. The former refreshed mind as well as body; but what of all the pleasant sights and sounds of our fair English

landscape do these young Titans enjoy,  
as they go staggering on,

With deaf  
Ears and labour-dimmed eyes,  
Regarding neither to right  
Nor left?

There is one point we are surprised to find our friend leaving untouched. Perhaps he considers it included in the warning that no hard and fast rules for diet can be laid down; but he might have done well to be a little more explicit. We allude to the necessity for frequent changes of diet. All things are not good to all men, and all things are not always good to the same man. This was a point much insisted on by the wise minds of old. Bacon especially commends the advice of Celsus (whom he somewhat sarcastically observes must have been a wise man as well as a good physician) that "one of the great precepts of health and lasting" is "that a man do vary and interchange contraries". The man who confines his studies within one unchanging groove, will hardly find his intellectual condition so light and nimble, so free of play, so capable of giving and receiving, as he who varies them according to his mood, for the mind needs rest and recreation no less than the body; it is not well to keep either always at high pressure. One fixed, unswerving system of diet, without regard to needs and seasons, or even to fancy, is not wise. One man has not always the same stomach, any more than all men have the same stomach. What is grateful and nourishing at one time may be found insipid and even unwholesome at another. Within the lines

marked by experience it is well that the love of change which is natural to all men should be given full play. A too servile adherence to a system which has been found once beneficial in certain conditions may diminish or even destroy its value when those conditions return. The great secret of existence after all is to be the master and not the slave of both mind and body, and that is best done by giving both free rein within certain limits which, as the old sages were universally agreed, each man must discover for himself. Happy are the words of Addison and happily quoted: "A continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature, as it is impossible that we should take delight in anything that we are every moment afraid of losing". One of the best methods of avoiding that pitiful anxiety—that bloodthirsty clinging to life which is after all perhaps not confined to the English middle-class—is to learn within what limits we may safely indulge our desire for change, and then freely indulge it within them. "Oh, sweet Fancy", sang the poet,

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Everything is spoilt by use:  
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid  
Whose life mature is ever new?  
Where's the eye however blue,  
Doth not weary? Where's the face  
One would meet in every place?  
Where's the voice, however soft,  
One would hear so very oft?

And so we end as we began, by  
setting Digestion in the place of  
Love!



## PROGRESS AND WAR.

WAR estimates increase and even in sea-girt England conscription, or something like it, is proposed. With all our enlightenment, philanthropy and democracy, after William Penn, Cowper, and Wilberforce, after Voltaire and Rousseau, after Jeremy Bentham, the Manchester School and John Bright, and alas! after nearly nineteen centuries of Christianity, we have war, still war, apparently on a larger scale than ever, taking away millions from the plough, devouring the harvests of industry, threatening again to fill the world with blood and havoc. The only question is through which of several craters, the Franco-German, the Pan-Slavic, the Anglo-Russian, or the Austrian, the eruption will break out and the lava-torrent flow.

To the despairing secretaries of peace-societies, by an address from one of whom the present paper has been suggested, it seems as if, in the substitution of reason for the sword, no advance had been made. This is not so. In the first place war instead of being normal has among civilized nations become occasional. The Assyrian or the Persian conqueror made war as a matter of course, and spent his summer in campaigning with his mighty men of valour as regularly as the servile portion of his population spent it in gathering in the harvest. So did Timour and Genghis Khan. So did the heirs of Mahomet while their vigour lasted. So did the feudal lords, in whose lives the excitement of war was varied only by the excitement of the chase. So, it may almost be said, did the little city-republics of Italy, though these learned in time to do their fighting with mercenaries. But now war is an extraordinary occurrence; there must be a *casus belli*,

and diplomacy must have been tried and failed. We have had long spells of peace. Between the Napoleonic War and the Crimean War there was so long a spell of peace that the world began to think that the hounds of war would never slip the leash again.

In the second place the sentiment for peace grows. Charles the Fifth told a soldier impatient for war that he liked peace as little as the soldier himself, though policy forced him to keep the sword in the sheath at that time. Even in Chatham's day a minister could avow that he was "a lover of honourable war." Palmerston, though he felt like Chatham, would hardly have dared to use the same language. Burke was as philanthropic as any statesman of his day, yet he seemed to regard as an unmixed blessing national success in war.

In the third place fighting, whereas it used to be every man's duty and half of every man's character, at least among freemen, is now a special trade. The Servian constitution was a polity combined with a muster-roll. The political upper class in Greece and Rome was the cavalry. The ridiculous ceremony of touching a turtle-fed mayor or an old professor of science with a sword and bidding him rise up a knight reminds us that all honour was once military, and that saving in the Church there was no other high career. Conscription may be said to be a relapse into the old state of things. A relapse it is; but it is felt to be exceptional and the offspring of the present tension, while England still holds out against it, and America, even in the desperate crisis of the Civil War, resorted to it only in the qualified form of a draft with liberty of buying a substitute.

In Europe the present spasm of militarism may be said to be in some measure not occasional only, but accidental. With all our historical philosophy and our general laws, there are still such things as accidents in history. There are at least events which turn the scale, and which we cannot distinguish from accidents. Had Gustavus Adolphus lived it is a moral certainty that he would have continued to conquer, and that the whole of Germany would have been wrested from Austria and Rome; but a wreath of mist floats over the battlefield of Lutzen: Gustavus is separated from his men and falls, and half Germany remains Austrian and Roman. Disease carries off Cromwell before he had begun to decay, and when a few years more of him would have founded a Commonwealth, or more probably a Protestant and Constitutional dynasty, and torn all that followed from the book of fate. This system of vast standing armies, and the prevalence of the military spirit, are largely the offspring of the great wars caused by the military ambition of Napoleon, as the political convulsions of the last half century have been in no small measure the results of the struggle of the nations against him for their independence, which for the time produced a violent reaction in favour of the native dynasties. But Napoleon as a master of French legions was an accident. France swallowed Corsica in the year of his birth, and, like Eve when she swallowed the apple, "knew not eating death." Corsica was an island peopled of old by exiles and outlaws, an island of savagery, brigandage, and vendettas, out of the pale of moral civilization. Napoleon was an incomparable general, and a great administrator of the imperial and bureaucratic kind; but in character he was a Corsican, and as completely outside moral civilization as any brigand of his isle. He had several thousand Turkish prisoners led out and butchered in cold blood simply to get rid of them; he poisoned his own

sick for the same purpose. Never did the most hideous carnage, or the worst horrors of war, draw from him a word of pity or compunction, while Marlborough, hard-hearted as he was, after witnessing the slaughter of Malplaquet, prayed that he might never be in another battle. Lord Russell saw Napoleon at Elba, and he used to say that there was something very evil in Napoleon's eye, and that it flashed when his visitor spoke to him of the excitement of war. In other things this man was equally a moral savage. His passions were under no restraint of decency. He took a lady, as M. Taine tells us, from the dinner-table to his bedroom. When Volney said something which displeased him, he gave him a kick which laid him up for days. For truth and honour he had no more regard than a Carib. A Corsican lust of war and rapine was and remained at the bottom of his character. Master of France and her armies this arch-bandit, by his personal barbarism, prolonged a series of wars which otherwise would have closed with the subsidence of the Revolution and the repulse of the allies. It is true that a policy of glory was up to a certain point adapted to the military vanity of France. But Madame de Rémusat tells us, in her *Memoirs*, that the heart of France went out no longer with the armies after Friedland; and in 1814 Napoleon, on his way to Elba, was afraid to pass through the South of France because the people would have torn him to pieces.

Some causes of war, so far as the civilized world is concerned, are numbered with the past. We shall have no more wars for sheer plunder or rapine, like those of primeval tribes. We shall have no more migratory invasions, like those of the Goths and Vandals, the Tartars and the Avars. Setting aside Napoleon, we can hardly be said to have had of late wars of mere territorial aggrandizement. The British empire in India has grown by successive collisions with barbarous neighbours and in wars generally

defensive, the most notable exception being the conquest of Scinde, which was greatly condemned on that account; and the Russian empire in Asia may be said to have grown mainly in the same manner, though Russia, as the most barbarous power, is still the most given to plunder. Next to Russia in barbarism comes France, in spite of her veneer, and the attempt to seize the Rhine Provinces was an act of uncivilized rapine qualified only by the fancy that the Rhine was her natural frontier. Religious wars we have not religion enough left to renew; though the fact perhaps is that they were in reality less wars of religion than wars of Churchmen in defence of bloated Church Establishments which were attacked by those who attacked the faith. "That new and pestilent sect which assails all sacraments and all the possessions of the Church", is the description given of Lollardism in the old Statutes of Lincoln College by the two bishops who founded the college for its repression. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum* has been chanted a little too often. All that murderous zeal would scarcely have been displayed if there had been no Archbishopric of Toledo.

On the other hand, as in the medical region while old plagues die out new plagues appear, we have now a rising crop of wars of national sentiment, produced by the passion for restoring ancient and half-obliterated lines of nationality or race, awakened largely by historical research, which has thus strangely become the procuress of ambition and war. The seeds of historic fancy sown by such writers as Thierry are springing up armed men, while the United Kingdom is distracted by antiquarian demagogism which seeks to restore the map of the twelfth century. The most formidable of these movements is Panslavism, in which the race-passion is allied with the military barbarism of Russia and with the tendency of the agonized Czar to divert Nihilism into the channel of aggrandizement. Among the most

terrible wars of the Middle Ages were social and agrarian wars, such as the rising of Wat Tyler and the Jacquerie. With some of these religion was wildly mingled. Religion mingles with social and agrarian war no longer, but of wars purely social and agrarian we can by no means feel sure that we have seen the end. All the world is heaving more or less with the subterranean fires which broke through the crust at Paris and Cartagena. Where we have not yet social or agrarian war we have dynamiters, moonlighters, and anarchist uprisings like that at Chicago. To mere hunger, which was the source of peasant revolt in the Middle Ages, is now added socialistic aspiration working in the half-educated breast, while the beliefs in the providential order of society and in a future compensation for those whose lot is hard here have lost their restraining force. Property will hardly allow itself to be plundered without fighting, and a conflict of classes may possibly ensue not less savage than the Jacquerie or the Peasant War. In that case the trained soldier is likely to find abundant employment in the service of armed repression if not on more glorious fields. Whether we have got rid of the commercial wars, of which the last century was full, must depend on the progress of Free Trade. To a war such as that which has been going on in Egypt it is not easy to assign a place in the catalogue. Our enemies say that it is a bondholders' war. We say that it is a war partly for the security of one of the world's great commercial highways, partly for the advancement of civilization and its protection against the barbarous Arab. In either case it is exceptional, and can hardly be said to denote a revival of the military spirit or to cloud the outlook of the secretary of the Peace-Society for the future.

Why has not Christianity put an end to war? Why has it not put an end to government and police? If the words of Christ were fully kept there

would be no longer need of any of these, and in proportion as the words of Christ are kept the need of all three decreases. But all three, like the institutions of an imperfect world and an imperfect society generally, are provisionally recognized by the Gospel. Soldiers are told not to give up their calling but only to give up extortion. Two religious soldiers are introduced, the centurion whose servant Christ heals and Cornelius. Military imagery is employed which would have been incongruous if all war had been sin. "Warring a good warfare" is a synonym for zeal in the ministry. The Christians under the Empire, though they were growing Quakerish as well as ascetic, objected not so much to bearing arms as to the religion of the standards. The religious consecration of war, by prayers for a victory, singing *Te Deums*, blessing colours, hanging them in the churches and so forth, is certainly a curious mode of worshipping Jesus of Nazareth; but it goes with separate nationality, which is a partial denial or postponement of the brotherhood of man. State Churches have naturally carried these practices furthest; yet the free Churches of the United States prayed for victory and gave thanks for victory in the Civil War as lustily as any State Church. Of Quakerism let us always speak with respect: it made Voltaire pay homage to Christianity; but as an attempt to forestall the advent of the Kingdom of Peace it has failed, though not without doing something to hasten it. On one occasion perhaps it even, by misleading a Czar as to the temper of Great Britain, helped to bring on a war. Still more hopelessly unpractical as an attempt to set the world right is Count Tolstoi's Christian Nihilism, which would sweep away at once army, government, law-courts, and police, all safeguards for nations and men against lawless violence, all restraints upon evil men. Count Tolstoi apparently would give up civilization to barbarous conquest; he would let any brigand or savage who

chose kill him, lay waste his home and abuse his wife and daughters, rather than "resist the evil"; and much his brother the brigand or savage would be morally improved by this meekness! His picture of war is thoroughly Russian, and applies only to a conscription of serfs. The best of "My Religion" is the proof it gives that something besides military barbarism is at work, in however chimerical a form and on however small a scale, in the mind of Russia. In speculating on the immediate future such reveries may safely be laid aside. They are in truth recoils from Russian despotism and militarism rather than deliberate views of life.

Between the ecclesiasticism which is a false growth of Christianity and militarism there is a more sinister connection. Fraud prefers force to reason and a reign of force to a reign of reason. The fighter the priest can fascinate and use; the thinker is his irreclaimable enemy. Every one knows to what an appalling height this ecclesiastical militarism is carried by De Maistre, who paints the Christian God as an angry deity requiring to be constantly propitiated by the steam of blood from fields of carnage, and the soldier as the appointed minister of this vast human sacrifice. The passage might have been penned by a Mexican hierophant in defence of the human sacrifices which he offered to Huitzilopochtli. People were somewhat startled by a sermon of the High Church Professor Mozley on War. There is nothing in it which approaches the hideous paradox of De Maistre, but it certainly speaks of war with an acquiescence bordering on complacency. It is not a reproduction of the Sermon on the Mount.

Democracy, it was hoped, would put an end to war: it would make government industrial and would not allow the people to be made food for powder. War was the game of kings which the people would never play. When we were told that Athens and Rome were warlike it was easy to reply that

Athens, and still more Rome, was a republican oligarchy of slave-owners, not a democracy. Political institutions may be altered, but old habits and sentiments are not worked out in a moment, and it may be too early to pronounce on the tendencies of democracy in this or in other respects. But so far certainly there has been no magic change. It might have been expected that the French peasant as soon as he had a vote would use it to rid himself of the blood-tax; yet conscription goes on with universal suffrage. In the United States no political capital is better than military renown. Four Presidents, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor and Grant, have been elected on their military record alone: Scott, McClellan and Hancock were nominated on their military record, and Garfield and the present President were helped by it in their elections. In England, an old war-power, no one has been made Prime Minister or promoted to any high office except a ministry of war or marine, merely for military achievements. The Duke of Wellington, whom the Americans always cite as a parallel to Jackson, had played a great part in the affairs of Europe, and was the real political leader of his party. Popular literature, public monuments, statues in squares and streets, all things that appeal to the public taste and feeling attest the continuance of the military propensity, and if you see a crowd gathered at the window of a print shop the chances are that the attraction is a battle-piece. On every State occasion the chief part of the pageant is the military parade. An eminent moralist in New York the other day, in an address on the celebration of the Centenary, took exception to this habit, saying that the army was only a sad necessity of our imperfect civilization, and that if the soldier marches in the procession, so ought the hangman. The fact, however, is that the soldier marches and the hangman does not. From the propensity to warlike bluster demo-

cracy is certainly not exempt: the vulgarity of its liability to which it is half conscious, inclines it that way. It wants to prove that it is not a shop-keeper. Nor has it hitherto shown itself in sentiment particularly meek. "The country right or wrong" is a saying not of monarchical or aristocratic origin. It might be difficult to say which is most subject to gusts of passion, a Czar or an unbridled democracy, filled with insolence by the flattery of its demagogic press, which at the moment of critical contest between reason and pride or anger is sure to throw itself in a body on what is deemed the patriotic side.

On the other hand, the American army is very small; it is in fact hardly large enough even to maintain order in case of serious social disturbances; and the navy, an American said the other day, might be run down by a coal barge. The army there is at present no apparent inclination to increase, though there is some disposition to increase the navy. Proposals to increase the army indeed are regarded with democratic jealousy, while Anglophobia fondles the idea of building swift cruisers for the destruction of British trade, though Protection is eager both to inflame hatred of its great commercial rival and to spend money in armaments in order that the need of revenue from customs duties may not be diminished. Though reason and morality may fail, industry and commerce plead effectively for peace. The War of 1812 was the work of a violent western element which has now become sober and civilized. The Mexican War as well as the War of Secession was the work of slavery, which is extinct. Canada, Mexico and Cuba repose beside their mighty neighbour without serious fear of territorial aggression. If the American people were ordered by their Government to invade Canada, Canada having given no provocation, it is very doubtful whether they would march. Moreover to the American democracy, which cannot



like Russia sweep droves of peasants into the army but has to pay the full value for life, war is a costly game. The expenditure in military pensions is now at least eighty millions of dollars a year, a sum which exceeds the annual cost of the British army. We were all filled with admiration by the sudden disappearance of the American army into civil and industrial life at the end of the Civil War, when we had thought that it would remain master of the country and make its general an emperor. It disappeared as an army, but it has reappeared as a tremendous "Vote". Anglophobia would think twice before it doubled the pension-list. Towards the end of the Civil War two and even three thousand dollars were paid for a substitute, while in China, if travellers' tales are true, for a trifling sum you can buy a man to be beheaded in your place.

War altogether is tremendously expensive to democracy. It has to care for the private as if he were a general, and the prying correspondent is there to see that the thing is done. In the Austrian armies during the last century there were very few surgeons. The medical and hospital arrangements of the Federals in the Civil War were of the costliest and most perfect kind. Smollett, in his account of the Expedition to Cartagena, has told us what sort of provision sufficed for the common soldier and seaman under the aristocratic government of England in 1741.

Manchester used to hope that Free Trade would put an end to war. Unfortunately Free Trade itself has made far less progress than Manchester expected. The fact, however unpleasant, is that, by universal suffrage government has for the time been made over to lower intelligences than those of Turgot, Pitt, Peel and Cavour. Protection is the commercial creed of blind cupidity, and among uneducated and hungry multitudes blind cupidity prevails. In thinking that Free Trade, even if it could become universal,

must bring in its train universal peace Manchester no doubt reasoned too much from its own character and tendencies to those of the world at large: it forgot that nations, especially nations which are not highly commercial, and still more Czars and Emperors, have tempers as well as interests. But Manchester assuredly is not wrong in thinking that Protection is as certainly a source of the ill-feeling between nations which leads to war, as with its rings and its lobbies it is a source of the corruption which pollutes politics. The two sources of Anglophobia in the United States are Irishry and Protection. "Tail-twisting" both in Congress and in the Press means either subservience to the Irish vote or twenty per cent. more on pig iron; and if ever the two great English-speaking races should shed each other's blood it will be to glut the hatred of the Irishry or to fill the pockets of the master manufacturers. As to the workmen they are beginning to see the truth.

Science is now changing the fundamental beliefs and through them the life of man. Its growing empire is the great fact of our epoch. Is it a minister of peace? By its general influence on the minds of men it can hardly fail to dispose them to the settlement of differences more by rational methods and less by the arbitrament of the sword. In time this will tell; at present we have a Prussian aristocracy and bureaucracy highly scientific in a certain way, and at the same time military in the extreme. The Universities, it is said, conquered at Sadowa and Sedan. In no art has inventive science made greater practical improvements than in the art of destruction. We began to think indeed that military invention would itself kill war, inasmuch as there must be an end of fighting when to fight was mutual annihilation. What may happen in the end and when all the resources of mechanics and chemistry have been brought to bear, it would be rash to say. Here-

after dynamite may work changes in war and in the balance of social and political power as great as those which gunpowder wrought, or as the long bow wrought before gunpowder. But so far the only consequence of military invention seems to be that the armies stand farther off from each other. The carnage is not so great as it was in the days of the sword, the spear and the bow. The long bow in the hands of the English archer seems still to bear off the palm of destructiveness from all rival weapons ancient or modern. In questions of numbers medieval chroniclers, as a rule, are totally untrustworthy; but at Crecy the dead were counted on the field and were found to be thirty thousand, a number considerably larger than that of the victorious army. It is true, no quarter was given in those days to any but those who could pay ransom; still the proportion is far beyond that of any butcher's bill in recent wars. The archer seems to have discharged his arrows almost as fast as bullets are discharged from a breech-loading rifle; his sight was not hindered by smoke; his eye was not taken off the mark; he could shoot only by drawing the bow-string to his ear, in doing which he necessarily took some sort of aim, whereas the rifle, soldiers tell us, is often fired wildly and from the hip. Of the tendencies of naval invention we have had no experience except the confused combat of Lissa, in which a wooden ship rammed and sank an ironclad, while little seems to have been learned from the general result. We even still hear predictions of a return to wooden ships.

The new arms do not appear as yet to have turned the balance in favour of untrained patriotism against discipline and regular armies, so far at least as the infantry are concerned. On the contrary, more perfect drill seems to be required when the soldier in skirmishing order has to act by himself without the support of the touch. Cavalry, however, the more expensive arm and the more difficult

for anything but a regular government to create, has been rendered almost as useless as elephants except in the character of mounted riflemen. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the future value of field-artillery, which again is an arm of wealth and regular governments. The whole history of the American Civil War indicates that the long-range weapons have made the defence of positions much easier than the attack; and this again perhaps is rather in favour of irregulars and insurgents.

In one not unimportant respect military science, with its ironclads, its nitro-glycerine projectiles, and its long-range rifles, certainly makes for peace. Its tendency is to strip war of its picturesqueness, its pageantry, its brilliancy, its romance, and thereby to rob it of its fascination and destroy the attractiveness of the soldier's trade. A great battle in times of old, especially before gunpowder, must have been a most magnificent and thrilling sight. Think of such a field as Cannæ, with the great columns of Roman legionaries, in their glittering armour and with their nodding crests, drawn out on one side; and on the other side the Carthaginian soldiery in their picturesque costume; Hannibal's Spanish infantry in their white kirtles; the wild Gauls stripped to their waists for the fight, and the dusky squadrons of Moorish cavalry! Think of a great feudal battle, or even of one in the time of Marlborough or Napoleon! Such a sight would fire the blood. But now nothing would commonly be seen but puffs of smoke running along the crowns of the two positions. General Meade told the writer that in the whole course of the Civil War he only twice saw the enemy in large numbers, once in the retreat from Richmond and again at Gettysburg. At Gettysburg Lee's infantry came out only to be massacred. So in naval warfare: Trafalgar, with the French and Spanish fleets drawn out in line ahead and Nelson's two lines bearing down upon them, must have

been superb: now there would be nothing but "ramming" under a pall of smoke. The fleet at Spithead before steam was a sight of peerless majesty and beauty, and might well have stirred in the sailor-boy's heart the wish to sail with Howe, Jarvis, or Nelson. But who, as Farragut said, or would have said if the Version had then been revised, would like to go to Hades in a tea-kettle? A naval review is still a vast display of power: in that respect indeed it dwarfs the navy of Nelson. But power is not majesty or beauty. Hydraulic force excites our wonder, but does not fire our blood.

Against this we ought perhaps to set the influence of the war-correspondent in glorifying and stimulating achievement. On the other hand, the war-correspondent imports into the camp an influence unfavourable to subordination and discipline which bids fair to add to the difficulties of command. One knows what Marlborough, Frederick or Napoleon would have done with a war-correspondent.

Whatever may have been added to the attractions of the soldier's trade by the hope of plunder or prize-money is fast departing. Princely mansions were built by the captains of Edward the Third out of their French plunder. While Napoleon levied large contributions on the countries which he overran, his marshals plundered like bandits. One of them, as the story goes, used to show in his gallery a picture to which, as he said, he attached a particular value, because it had saved the life of an excellent woman. It had belonged to a convent in Spain, the abbess of which had hidden it on the approach of the French, but being threatened by the marshal with hanging had produced it just in time to save her neck. I remember an old admiral who had made his fortune in the French war by commanding a crack frigate. But even at sea it seems there will soon be no more prize-money: certainly there will not if commerce can have her way. The

armies and fleets will be confined, as it were, to their tilting-lists and peace will be reconciled with war. However, we have not yet reached this point.

Of arbitration, as of Free Trade, people have expected too much. Still its introduction has been fruitful and is significant. There can be no reason why all commercial treaties, at all events, should not contain an arbitration-clause. But the range of the remedy for the present at least is limited. The secretary of a peace-society was discoursing eloquently the other day at New York on the folly of deciding any dispute by the sword when it might be decided by the arbitrator; but, in dwelling on the horrors of war, he spoke of what he had himself seen at Gettysburg, thereby at once reminding us that there were cases in which to tender arbitration would be fruitless. The South was bent on independence, the North was resolved to conquer and reannex the South; what tribunal could have settled that dispute? So again, Italy was bent on setting herself free from Austria, Austria on keeping possession of Italy; Germany on getting rid of Austria, Austria on retaining her power in Germany; France on preventing German nationality from being consolidated, the Germans on consolidating their nationality. In no one of these instances apparently was any arbitrament possible but that of the sword. The validity of the claim itself indeed could only be established by giving proof of the force, courage and constancy needed for its enforcement. Without such proof what tribunal could have pronounced that Italy was qualified for independence, or that Germany had a good title to national unity? Nor can it be assumed that by deciding the question formally in dispute arbitration will extinguish ill-feeling or ultimately prevent war. The Genevan Court of Arbitration is commonly put forward as the palmary instance of the successful application of the principle. Undoubtedly Great Britain has been placed morally in

a sound position, and if the Americans hereafter attack her or provoke her beyond endurance, as under Irish domination they possibly may, she will fight with a clear conscience. But it is very doubtful whether American feeling towards England was much improved by the settlement of the Alabama claims, or whether the conduct of the Americans in case England should ever be in distress, would be more generous on that account. Journals which cater for American vanity and malignity still tell us with native frankness that the great majority of Americans would gloat over the humiliation of England, and, whatever may be the amount of truth in these amiable prognostications, it has not been perceptibly diminished by the Geneva award.

Dr. Mozley, in the sermon on War already mentioned, has a very curious and characteristic passage about arbitration.

The idea has risen up indeed, at various times, of a modification of the autonomy of States by the erection of a court of arbitration, which would be a universal government upon this particular point; but though no well-guided State would disturb the world for secondary points, or refuse a neutral's judgment upon them, it is difficult to see how, upon a question vitally touching its own basis and safety, it could go upon any other sense of justice than its own. Take an individual, what a natural keen sense he has of the justice of his own case. How he is penetrated through and through with its grounds and reasons, into the full acquaintance with which he has grown gradually and naturally, having had time to see the facts in all their relations. An individual then certainly does accept the judgment of a neutral on his cause in the person of a judge, and surrender his own sense of the justice of his case; but he is compelled to do so. A nation is not compelled to do this; if it doubts then whether an indifferent spectator, who would have to apply a hard, forced attention to its cause, would do adequate justice to its rights, it is asking a great deal that it should give up its own judgment of its own rights to the judgment of that other. A nation knows it does justice to its own case; it cannot be sure that another will do

so. It is not partiality to self alone upon which the idea is founded that you see your own cause best. There is an element of reason in this idea; your judgment even appeals to you, that you must grasp most completely yourself what is so near to you, what so intimately relates to you; what, by your situation, you have had such a power of searching into. The case is indeed something analogous to an individual surrendering his own moral judgment to another. He may do so if he is not certain; but if he feels certain, it is almost a contradiction to do so.

It may be said, why may not a nation give up its rights on a principle of humility and generosity, as the individual does? But to impose such humility as this on a nation would be to impose on it something quite different in ethical constitution from the same humility in an individual. An individual's abandonment of his rights is what the very words grammatically mean—the individual sacrificing himself; but a nation's abandonment of its rights means the individual sacrificing the nation; for the nation only acts through individuals. The individual is humble not for himself but for another, which is a very different thing.

In this, with all due respect for the memory of a very fine and penetrating thinker be it said, there is a large ingredient of fallacy. Excessive confidence in the justice of one's own cause is characteristic of all litigants alike, and is no more a good reason for refusing rational methods of settlement in the case of a nation than in that of a man. Usually no doubt the man, unlike the nation, is compelled to submit his cause to the law, but in disputes where there is no such compulsion men often agree to friendly arbitration. At all events, the Christian preacher, instead of disparaging arbitration and countenancing war, ought surely to dissuade from war and exhort to arbitration. The argument in the second paragraph seems still less sound. It suggests that men are justified in doing in the mass that which in the individual man would be wicked. It comes pretty near to "the country right or wrong". The nation is a collection of men, each of whom is acting in his own interest, though the

interest may be of a corporate kind. Would Dr. Mozley's casuistry in any degree absolve a fraternity or a joint stock company for doing that which would be wicked in the individual members? Patriotism, after all, is interest and pride, though raised to a higher plane and glorified by the elevation. The vanity and malignity of a nation are often just as vile and hateful as any passions which burn in the individual breast. But Dr. Mozley takes an ecclesiastical view of the world: he looks for little from it in the way of self-improvement, and thinks it must go its own road, and we must be saved out of it by clerical ministrations.

So long as mankind is divided into nations there will be national rights to assert and defend, and the cannon must be the last resort. But recourse will be had to it more unwillingly, and no longer for secondary objects. We shall at least have no more wars for epigrams. Communities and their governments will become more industrial, and therefore in the main more inclined to peace. Free Trade, if the world has not fallen into its dotage, will make way, and will, in some degree at least, fulfil Manchester's hopes as a peacemaker. The material unification of humanity, which Mr. Cyrus Field with his cable has done so much to further, will increase the sensibility of the whole frame. By the reporter's art the horrors of war are brought more vividly before us all, and if they could be brought before us in the reality, such of us as had hearts and were not moral savages like Napoleon, or steeled by fanaticism like De Maistre, would join the Peace Society. No man who has seen a field-hospital after a battle is likely to talk or think lightly of war. Thus the process of gradual extinction is pretty sure, though the time may be long and the relapses many. We speak of war between nations. There remains behind the possibility of widespread war between classes, traversing national lines, as did the religious wars of the

sixteenth century. This cloud just now is growing darker. After all it may disperse, or even fall in a beneficial shower of industrial reform. But the present aspect of the social sky warns all who have an interest in order to qualify themselves by a training in arms for resistance to anarchism and pillage, so that social and industrial problems may be solved by reason and humanity, not by dynamite or the guillotine.

It must be remembered, too, that outside the civilized world of which we have been treating there are still masses of barbarism, or of comparative barbarism, against which civilization may yet have to be defended. Russia, saving a few Tourguénéffs and Tolstoïs, is hardly open as yet to the influences of civilization which make for peace. The Mongol or the Arab, without becoming morally civilized, may learn the use of the Martini-Henry and of the rifled cannon. Americans think they have shut out war. They certainly have for the present if they will only celebrate Washington's centenary by calling to mind his counsels, and bid their politicians abstain from meddling with the affairs of European nations to catch the Irish vote. The Indian wars are a mere matter of frontier-police. For another secession there is no visible line of cleavage: differences of tariff are quite insufficient to produce disruption; and the problem of the Negro, to whatever other solution it may tend, has no apparent tendency to war. With Canada there is not the faintest chance of war unless she is involved as a dependency of Great Britain, and all questions of that kind will presently be solved by the reunion of the English-speaking race in North America. But who will guarantee the Americans against an eventual struggle with the Chinese for the Pacific Coast? That vast reservoir of population being full to the brim must overflow, and it can overflow only on the Pacific slope and Australia. At present Acts of Congress shut the door, though they



do not shut it very close; but the Chinaman may learn the art of war; he is reckless enough of life and not wanting in intelligence, though he may be wanting in morality. Who, again, will guarantee the Americans, if they become entirely commercial and unwarlike, against aggression on the side of the South American Republics, the people of which evidently can fight, and are not likely for some time to be civilized out of fighting habits? A great multitude of Mexicans was beaten at Buena-Vista by a small American force, but it was a mob armed with the refuse of European arsenals. Properly drilled and armed Mexicans might do better. They made a fair stand against the French.

That war is an evil, and that all, especially we civilians who stay at home and read the newspaper while soldiers shed their blood, are bound to do our best to avert it, and to keep down the passions which give it birth, right-minded men with one voice proclaim. There is not a greater or a baser criminal than the journalist who panders to international hatred. At the same time war has been an educator in its way. To it we largely owe our respect for discipline, our ideas of self-devotion, of chivalry, of honour, and even our emancipation from the abject fear of death. Something may come hereafter in place of the military element in character and life; but at present we can hardly imagine what, without it, character and life would be. Nobody is nobler than a good soldier or sailor, nor, though it is his calling to take life, is anybody more humane. War is now in fact a great school of humanity. It teaches men to control the fiercest passions at the time of their fiercest heat. In former days no quarter was given: we hear of no prisoners after Greek battles. Now it is murder to kill the wounded. A cloud rests on the memory of Cromwell

because he put to the sword the garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford. No quarter had been given on the other side. Rinuccini, the papal envoy, tells us exultingly that in a battle won by the Catholic rebels no prisoners had been taken. The garrisons of towns which had refused to surrender on being summoned were in those days regularly put to the sword. The Catholic armies in Germany and the Low Countries put to the sword not only the garrisons but the inhabitants of towns which they had taken by storm,—witness the storming of Magdeburg. Prisoners are now treated with comparative kindness. In America when the Civil War was at its height I saw the table of Confederate prisoners at the north set out by the enemy on Thanksgiving day with a good Thanksgiving dinner. Of the two sets of passions it seems to me that those which are excited by a presidential election are rather worse than those which were excited by war.

There is one class of pleas for war on which it is not pleasant to dwell. Probably it has served in a cruel way the purposes of natural selection. Probably it has also served to keep down population, the unlimited growth of which is revealing itself as a danger to mankind, so that even America, who used to welcome wanderers from all lands begins to think of shutting her gates. The consequences of the *Pax Britannica* in India, combined with the imperial precautions against local famine has evidently been an immense increase of population, followed by a pressure on the means of subsistence which is ascribed by foreign critics to the tyrannical exactions of the British Government. But the most cynical physiologist would hardly think of letting loose the dogs of war to keep down the growth of population.

GOLDWIN SMITH.